Saturday Night

October 23, 1954 • 10 Cents

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BLANCHE LUND: A will to dance. (Page 4)

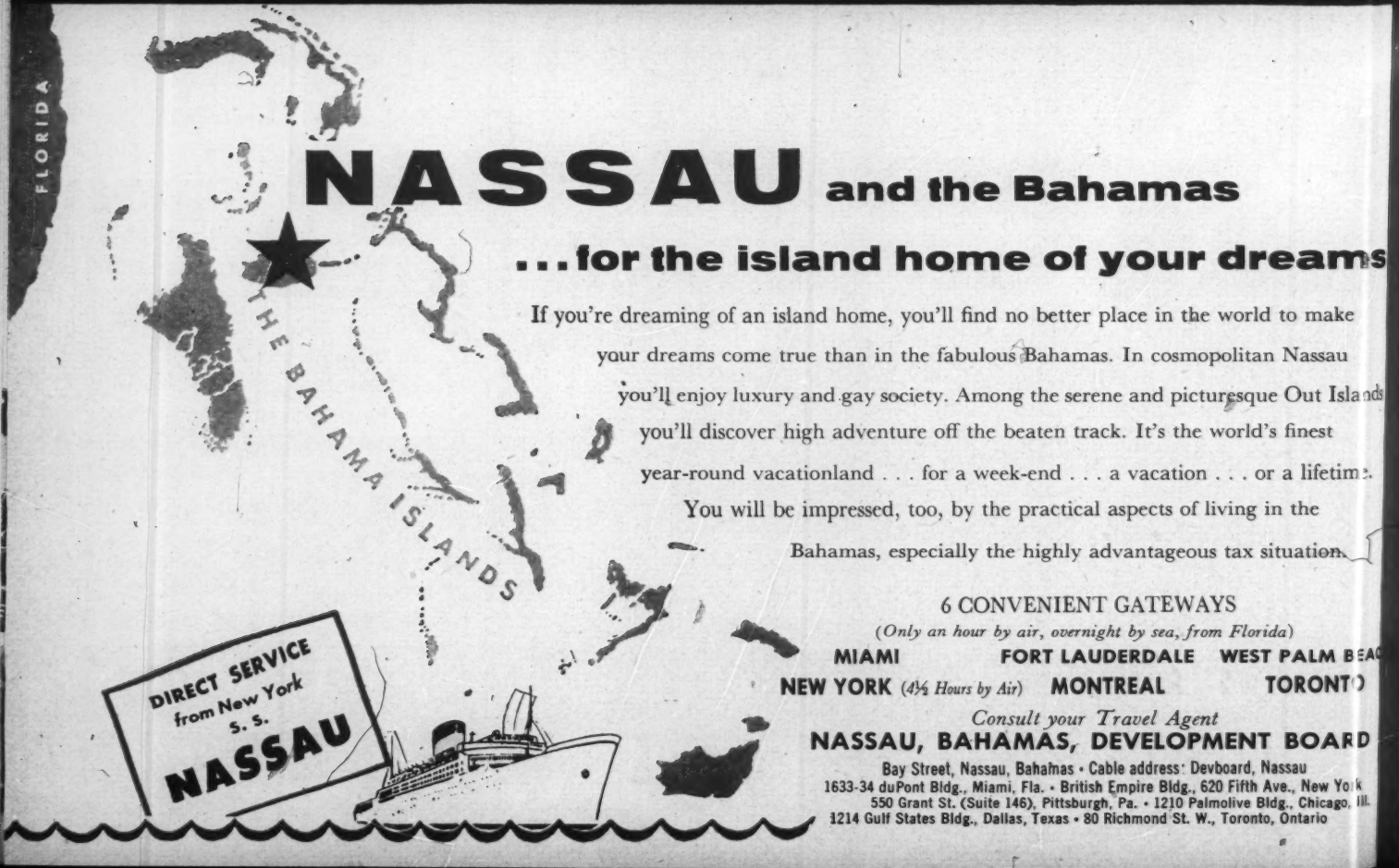
The Front Page

The theory persists that the fat nations of the West could solve all the problems of peace and production simply by shipping food to the countries whose peoples never get enough to eat. It persists in spite of its silliness, because it seems to provide such a simple, plausible answer to the problems of surpluses at home and discontent abroad: hunger breeds Communism, Communism breeds violence; we have too much food, therefore we can remove the hunger and the Communism by giving away the food we can't use.

The idea is not new, but it has been propounded with new vigor during the past two or three weeks following the report of the Food and Agriculture Organization on the world's food supplies for 1953-54 and the gathering in Ottawa of representatives of the 13 nations taking part in the Colombo Plan.

The FAO reported that for the second year running agricultural production has outstripped the increase in the world's population; farmers raised their output by about 3 per cent, while the population went up by only 1.5 per cent. But the improvement did not mean that

THE SLIPPERY STATISTIC
By Darrell Huff: Page 7



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all countries were better off; it meant only that some nations (notably the ones already growing more food than they could use) had made big boosts in their production, while others were just as hungry as ever. There were, the FAO solemnly stated, "marked disparities between regions". "There," the advocates of food-sharing cried, "that proves that there's enough for everybody, and all that's needed is to get around the stupid obstacles that the politicians and the economists have put in the way of distributing all this food."

The fact is that the hungry nations are not being kept from food by the perversities of politicians and economists but by their inability to buy what they need. They cannot buy it because they cannot pay for it, and they cannot pay for it because they are unable to produce its worth in other goods. People who are productive do not go hungry; if they cannot grow the food themselves, their industry gives them the means of acquiring it.

The productive nations can make gifts to relieve famine, and they can lay out generous programs of assistance to undeveloped areas, but it would be absurd to claim that such measures can be lasting policies. The have-nots cannot be permanent pensioners of the haves. The former would find the charity as intolerable as the financial burden would be to the latter. It is, in brief, no solution.

There is no swift, simple solution. The answer lies in the sort of thing envisioned in the Colombo Plan. The hungry areas first need instructors and technicians who can prepare the way for the best use of capital investment. That is where the long job of defeating global poverty must start.

The Mid-Day Break

A FRIEND just back from London reports seeing, on the door of a New Oxford Street shop stocked with equipment for jugglers and magicians, a tastefully printed notice: "Disappeared for lunch". On his return to Canada, he had a mid-morning stop in a small town in New Brunswick. Hungry and with pleasant thoughts about fresh seafoods, he sought out a restaurant. *There* he found another notice: "Gone fishing for lunch".

Art Sale

WHAT A bargain-counter is to the thrifty housewife or a barker's spiel to a six-year-old, the autioneer's "I have a dollar . . . fifty . . . two . . ." is to us. So when we heard a rumor about an auction sale at the Toronto Art Gallery we were quick to get in touch with Mrs. T. P. Lownsbrough, of the Sale Committee.

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"It's not exactly an auction sale," said Mrs. Lownsbrough, "though it has some of the features of one. It's a sale of art—painting, drawings and sculpture—by Canadian artists to which the public can come for five days before the sale begins and put a bid on any piece they fancy. This is the eighth year the Women's Committee here has had such a sale. We've tried it a number of different ways and our idea has been taken up and used, with modification, by Vancouver, Winnipeg, Windsor and Hamilton that I know of. This year we're using the preview, on the assumption that the public would like a little more time to see the art before the actual sale. Anyone may put his name down for any piece and then by Oct. 29, when the sale opens, if there is more than one name down for a particular piece, we have a draw to determine who gets it. The sale will go on until Nov. 2."

Ashley & Crippen

MRS. T. P. LOWNSBROUGH

We asked about the bidding and Mrs. Lownsbrough told us that all the work was priced by the artists themselves, with a top price of $200. "It's very difficult, you know, to live by painting or sculpture alone," she went on. "Back in the Renaissance, artists were supported by private patrons. That isn't possible today, but it is possible for many people to help. Even people on a modest budget can buy and they get a great deal of pleasure out of owning an original piece. This sale helps to bring the artist and a possible purchaser together. We're spotting young French-Canadian artists this time, but we've got work from all across the country except the Maritimes. Freight rates were prohibitive. This year's show has no jury. We simply invited 55 painters and eight sculptors to send three works apiece. We've also tried to balance off between objective and non-objective painting—I hate those terms but I don't know what else to call them—and we've included some drawing. People are inclined to want something with a lot of paint on it and the principles of drawing, on which all good art is based, get overlooked. It's going to be an interesting show. Come in and see it."

We promised to have a look at our budget and the pictures, too.

Things to Come

DESIGNERS who speculate on the future of men's fashions rarely go beyond some variation of the outfit worn by Raymond Massey some years ago in a film called *Things to Come*. The particular thing to come modelled by Mr. Massey was a black zippered union suit, without pockets or detail. Mr. Massey hadn't an ounce, or the suit an inch, to spare, and the general effect was striking, austere and rather alarming.

The International Federation of Master Tailors, which met recently in Rome, dismissed this type of space-suit as nonsense. The masculine garb in 2000 AD, they say, will be dandified and "non-functional". They even ran up a little number as illustration—a waist-length overcoat with leg-of-mutton sleeves, a wide coachman's collar in black velvet and a nipped-in waist with little pleats. It's the sort of thing that would look irresistible on a person with the physical attributes of, say, Gina Lollobrigida, and the best we can wish for the people of 2000 AD is that there will be someone like Miss Lollobrigida around to wear it.

Cultural Survival

ONE SIGNIFICANT statement of many made by Prime Minister St. Laurent in his recent speech attacking the narrow provincialism of Quebec's Premier Duplessis was: "I, personally, am not one of those scared individuals who believe that if our culture is placed side by side with other cultures, it will topple and perish". In that context, Mr. St. Laurent was speaking only of the culture of French Canada, but he could just as well have been talking about Canada as a whole. If the *Canadien* need not fear cultural extinction, it follows that the Canadian has no reason for worry, unless it is true that our national culture is so much less vigorous than Quebec's that it needs special care and protection—and we're sure that Mr. St. Laurent cannot now subscribe to the theory of national weakness.

Why, then, is the Prime Minister not consistent? He has apparently swallowed,

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without digesting, all the flatulent guff dished out in the report of the Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences. He hasn't exactly regurgitated it in his public statements, but it has come out as a sort of intellectual heartburn in the policies of his Government. The Report was infused with the fear that what the Commission conceived to be Canadian culture — a strange, delicate plant with no roots, no trunk, spindly limbs and mighty little foliage—would wither if exposed to the full force of the gale blowing up from the United States. Mr. St. Laurent has done nothing to show that he does not share the fear of the Commission and of the precious little groups who believe that the common Canadian is much too common to be trusted with the development of his own native culture.

If Mr. St. Laurent is convinced that French-Canada's culture can survive without special guardianship, surely he must believe that the nation is at least as capable of preserving its cultural identity.

A Soft Generation

SOME MONTHS ago a group of gloomy American researchers reported that while the young people of this continent were growing taller and huskier all the time, they were also getting softer. The youngsters of Europe, the researchers found, were scrawnier but tougher. The report was scoffed at by proud North American parents, but we fear that truth may be on the side of the scientists. The other day, for instance, President Tito appeared before the Yugoslav Executive Council with a patch over his right eye. The President, his aides disclosed, had been hit in the eye by a bunch of flowers tossed by an enthusiastic young girl. We doubt if there is, anywhere in this land, a young girl who could hurl a posy with enough force to blacken an eye, or a public idol who fears getting beaned with a begonia, unless it has the pot attached.

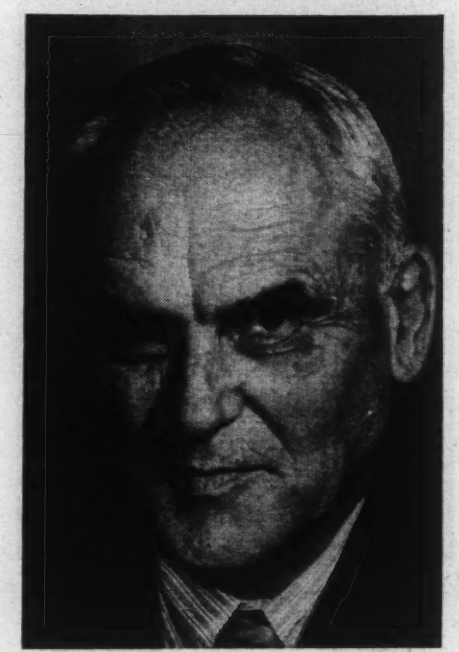
Laughing Matter

LIFE GETS more and more difficult for the quiet, reserved child. In a curious document bearing the title "Johnny Is Getting Ready to Read", the consultant teachers of reading in Toronto public schools have informed the parents of children in the first grades that "John must be able to talk easily within his group before he is ready for reading", and "any normal child is ready for reading when he is mature enough, has adjusted to school, and is happy at home". If Johnny isn't a gabby brat, a grinning little back-slapper, one must assume that he is doomed to illiteracy.

It would be uproariously funny but for the fact that this sort of fantastic nonsense is sopping up money that should be spent on the development of curious minds instead of efforts to mash young individuals into well-adjusted groups — always supposing, of course, that the purpose of education is to produce something other than happy sheep.

Trade and Jobs

WHEN REPRESENTATIVES of the nations subscribing to the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade meet in Geneva next week, Canada's spokesmen once again will be preaching the gospel of greater freedom for the international movement of goods. Trade Minister C. D. Howe has made that clear in several statements during the past few weeks—he told the young men's section of the Montreal Board of Trade that the Canadian delegation to the GATT meeting will be seeking "more satisfactory agreements with regard to the circumstances in which quantitative restrictions may be imposed and the length of time for which they remain in force". Mr. Howe has been particularly irritated by the import restrictions imposed by the Republican administration in the United States.



C. D. HOWE: How far, how fast?

There will be little comfort in those words for the increasing number of Canadian businessmen and labor leaders who want protection from what they think is the unfair competition of imported goods ranging from textiles to glycol. Mr. Howe has given no indication that there will be any substantial change in federal trade policy, which is now aimed at making it easier to get Canadian goods into foreign markets instead of making it more difficult for foreign goods to get into the Canadian market.

From the point of view of principle and long-term advantage to Canada, there can be no criticism of the policy so vigorously endorsed and pursued by Mr. Howe. One can, however, question Mr. Howe's ideas of how fast Canada should travel along the road to free trade in the company of nations that not only have great differences in living standards but give only lip service to conventions designed to liberate commerce.

Unemployment has been increasing in Canada because several industries have been losing domestic sales to foreign competitors. The whole blame for this situation cannot be placed on insufficient tariff protection. In many cases inefficient management or unreasonable labor demands may be the reason for failure to produce competitively, and it would be unjust to make the consumer pay for that failure. At the same time, the consumer who is out of work can't pay for much of anything, and Canadian tariff policy must be flexible enough to give him some job as well as price protection.

Edible Oils

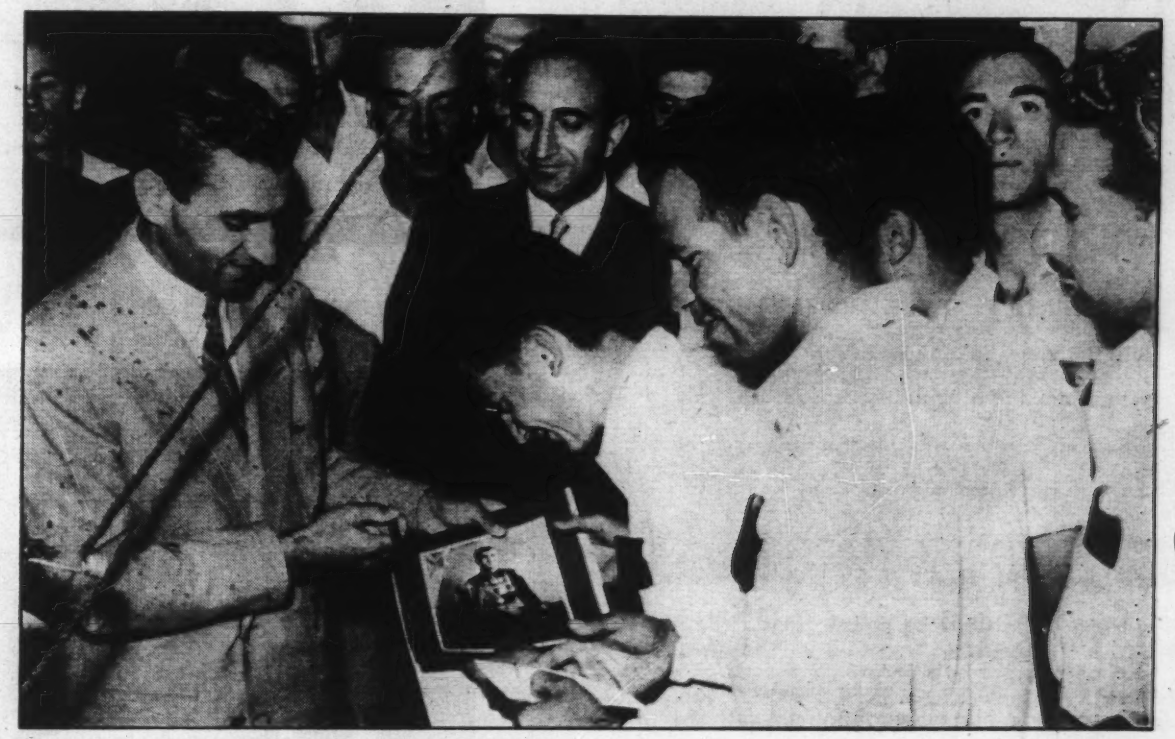
IN QUEBEC, where margarine is, officially, a dirty word, police have been busy recently trying to put an end to the activities of some enterprising characters who bought up a large quantity of lard, gave it a healthier color and peddled it as under-the-counter margarine. The bootleggers modestly wrapped the stuff in plain paper without any brand name, which is rather a pity. It would have been interesting to observe the effect on sales of some catchy name like "Ugh, the Family Spread".

Dance Team (*Cover Picture*)

THIS WEEK the social whirl in Washington gets off to a rousing start with the "Orchid Ball", and contributing to the gaiety of the occasion will be the Canadian dance team of Blanche and Alan Lund. The Lunds have been dancing together since their high school days in Toronto. Polio, a broken foot and a baby have done no more than temporarily discommode Blanche, and their shared compulsion to dance has kept them twirling over the polished floors of ballrooms and stages clear across Canada, into the United States and on to Britain and the Continent. Since their work with the Navy Show during the war, they have become not only the finest pair of ballroom dancers to be produced in Canada but one of the outstanding teams anywhere.

Four Strong Men Guide Iran Today

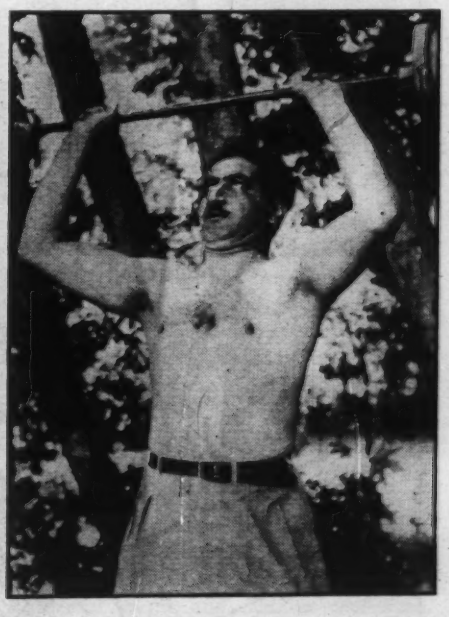
They Have Reopened the Oil Wells, Suppressed the Communist Party



If things have seemed quiet in Iran lately, that is because four strong men hold the reins of power snatched from the hands of Mossadegh last year. The first of these is the Shah, shown above at a Boy Scout rally, autographing photos in the rain. No figurehead, the Shah is actually the leader in the effort to work out a democratic program for the country. His greatest move in this direction is the distribution of the crown lands to former tenant-farmers. Last year's crisis established his personal popularity, and the present prime minister, General Fazollah Zahedi, came to

power as the "king's man". Zahedi holds the allegiance of the Army and of the tribal leaders (with whom he is shown above, left) who play vital roles in the outlying districts. Another leader is the man who carried through

the ticklish negotiations to resume oil production in Iran through an international consortium, Dr. Ali Amini, Minister of Finance. Dr. Amini (above) is an enthusiastic gardener. The fourth man is the Military Governor of



Teheran, Brigadier Bakhtiar, showing off here with the weights. He has been chiefly responsible for the stern suppression of the Communist-led Tudeh Party, and the recent round-up of hundreds of Soviet agents in Iran.

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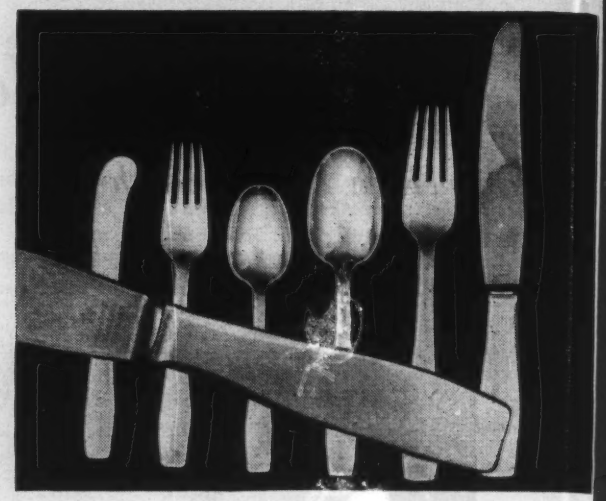

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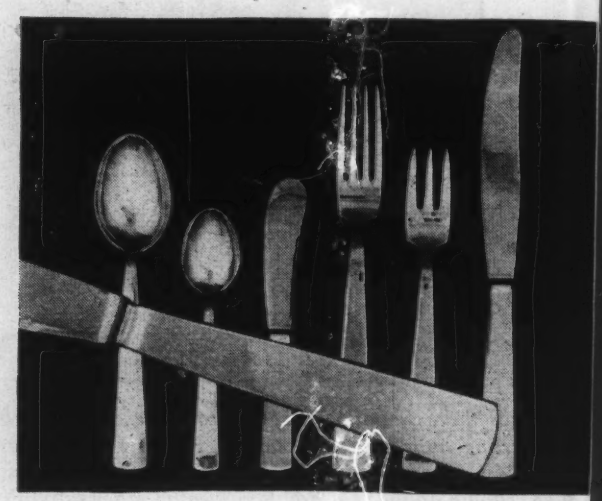
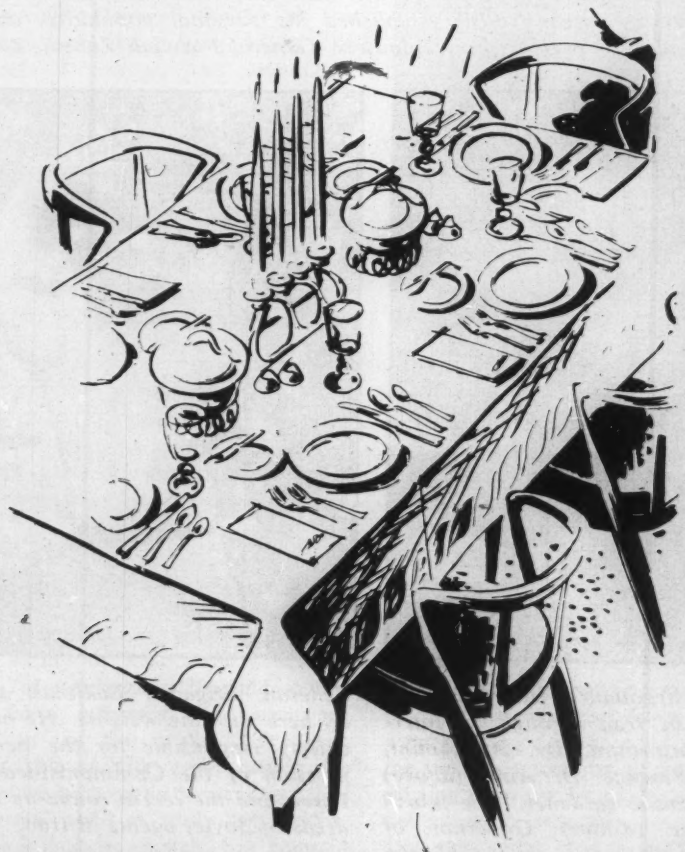


MILANO stainless steel
five-piece dinner place setting 9.75
butter spreader $9

SHADOWPOINT stainless steel
five-piece place setting, luncheon, 6.75; dinner 7.75
butter spreader $1



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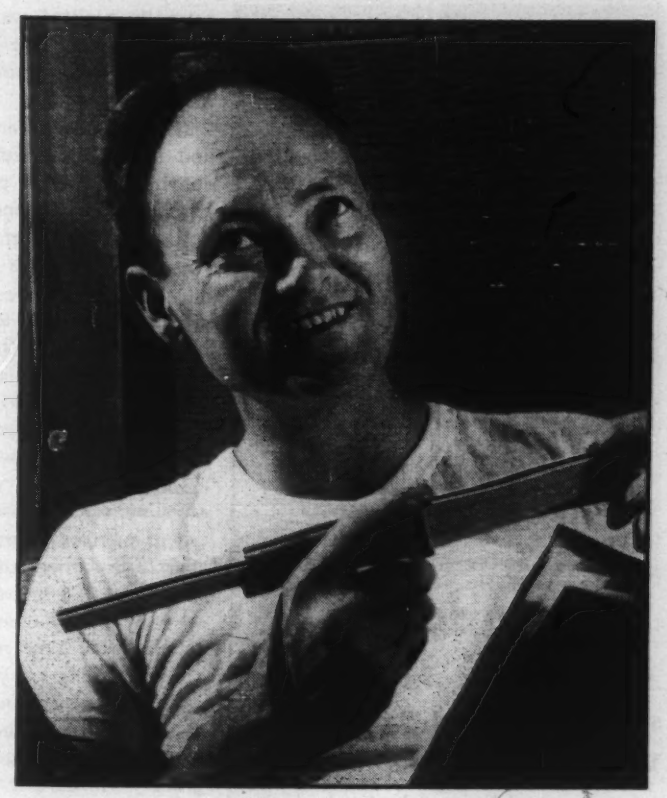
Slippery Statistics Gay Deceivers



MR. HUFF is the author of How To Lie With Statistics *published by George J. McLeod, 1954, $3.50*

By DARRELL HUFF

STATISTICS are essential tools to understanding a big and complex world. They're also gay deceivers, neatly adapted to making you believe that things are what they aren't.

Slippery statistics are being used—sometimes intentionally, often not—to fool you every day. Medical writers are doing it and so are advertisers and newspapermen and politicians and salesmen and those artists who draw graphs full of little men carrying bags of dimes.

Which leaves it up to you to arm yourself by knowing the principal tricks to watch for. With the help of the questions that follow, you can out-double-talk your brother-in-law, annoy the man at the next desk or lathe, or put a pin into the political opposition. You, too, can use statistics to deceive.

Or (and I hope you will) you can use this briefing in the finer points of statistical juggling for purposes of self-defence. You can, in short, cease to be fooled.

And don't tell me you haven't been. Instead, read on.

You may recall the story of the society in which all individuals were equal . . . but some were more equal than others. Contrary to what might seem reasonable, averages work the same way. Some averages are more average than others.

Let's take a look at the trickery this circumstance makes possible.

You are considering buying a certain house in a country neighborhood. The real-estate salesman sizes you up as something of a snob and clinches the sale by remarking that the average income in this fine neighborhood is $14,000 a year.

Next time you meet the salesman, a year later, he is fighting a school-bond issue on the plea that the people of this area can't afford it. "After all, their average income is only around $3,500," he tells you.

Which is the lie? The gimmick is that the first figure was the common or arithmetic kind of average called a mean. Add every family income in the area together and divide by the number of families.

And the second was the less well-known but equally proper type of average that is called a median. It is the middle figure in a group, the one that tells you half are above it and half below. It actually is the kind of average that most fairly represents many things, including incomes.

It turns out that this neighborhood is made up of a number of ordinary working people with incomes of $3,000 or so and a trio of very rich families. The prosperous three raise the arithmetic average a great deal but don't affect the median very much.

A vast number of the things we read or hear are learned from a study of a sample. All "opinion" polls are of that breed. So are income figures like the census one mentioned above. So are reports on the efficacy of a new drug or vaccine.

Surveys based on mail questionnaires are likely to be biased. The reason is that the fellow who answers a question may feel differently from the one who doesn't; that difference may be what led him to reply instead of firing the thing into the handiest wastebasket.

You might want to argue, as the eminent *Journal of Commerce* did, that corporations are not price gouging or hoarding. The *Journal* proved such innocence by sending a questionnaire to a list of large companies and was able to announce that two-thirds had replied that they were absorbing price increases.

"The survey shows . . ." began the *Journal,* using words that should cause you to take a sharp look whenever you see them. This sharp look applied to the *Journal's* figures yields some interesting information. Only 14 per cent of the companies to which the questionnaire was sent made a reply; 86 per cent did not answer. So a more realistic summary of the results would look more like this: of 1,200 companies polled, nine per cent said they had not raised prices, five per cent said they had, and 86 per cent would not say.

The joker in a statistic is often like the little man who was not there. The missing figure may be fully as important as anything that is present.

A metropolitan police department recently "proved" the importance of wearing light-colored clothing when walking. It made a count and was able to report that four out of five pedestrians killed at night were wearing dark clothes. Therefore, it said, wear light-colored clothes and be safer.

That sounds like good advice, and very likely it is. But proof is lacking because one figure is missing: the percentage of pedestrians wearing dark clothing in the first place. Maybe four-fifths of the walkers who weren't killed dressed that way too.

YOU'LL avoid learning a remarkable lot that is not so if you keep an eye open for the insignificant difference.

Maybe you remember what happened when a digest magazine went to a good deal of trouble to find out how cigarettes compared in tar and nicotine and such. It found, and announced, that all were about the same. It also listed the exact figures, showing, inevitably, that one cigarette had the least of these presumably unwanted things. Its manufacturer came out at once with enormous advertisements citing this fact. What the ads

Facing danger...

. . . is not one of the ostrich's strong points of character. When the going gets rough, he tries to avoid trouble by hiding his head in the sand. He finds out too late that his difficulties cannot be solved by ignoring them. With clearer vision and a planned defence, he would enjoy a longer life. Some people, too, bury their heads against the inevitable. You know that some day you must retire. Don't wait for that day to make your plans. The sooner you start saving for your retirement, the easier it is.

For instance, at age 30 an annual deposit of $230.20 will provide a cash payment to you of $10,000 at age 65. Your saving problem is life insured and your family will receive $10,000, if you die at any time before age 65. Plan your retirement program to-day. Call your Crown Life representative, or write to the Crown Life Insurance Company, 59 Yonge Street, Toronto.

naturally omitted was the only thing of significance in the findings—that this difference was so tiny as to be without meaning.

If you want to simplify your statistics and at the same time make them more convincing, draw a picture. The gee-whiz graph is a tricky thing indeed.

Its simplest form may have graced your breakfast table recently. It appeared on the side of a cereal box. It was a graph purporting to show ("Scientists *proved* it's true!") that these flakes "start giving energy in two minutes!" Sure enough, there was a curve, marked "energy release", running up the side of the box. And that was all. No figures on amount of energy. No comparison with anything else. Just a nonsense curve.

A major advertising agency once charted its own growth in precisely the same way. There were no numbers. Just an impressively climbing line that might equally well have represented growth of a million dollars a year or of two cents.

A graph with numbers can be almost as deceptive. The method is omission of the base line. To make an increase from a grocery bill of $92 a month to $95 look like galloping inflation, you need only locate the lower figure at the bottom of the chart and the higher figure at the top. The picture line you draw then will leap from the bottom of your paper to the top. To the eye that overlooks the numbers, this is just as impressive as a hop from $5 to $500 could be.

As you read newspapers and magazines and reports of all sorts you'll find that a large proportion of the charts you see are guilty of just this trick. It has been used to make a 3 per cent increase in the circulation of a certain popular magazine look to potential advertisers like 400 per cent, to make a minuscule increase in wage levels resemble a thumping one, and any slight economic trend appear sensational. It is a subtle form of yellow journalism without an adjective to give it away.

You can have just as much fun with the pictograph or pictorial chart, the one that uses little men or stacks of dimes to tell its story.

Your object, let's say, is to show how production of beef in an area has doubled over a period of years. You can do this with a bar chart, which will make the 100 per cent increase look like just that.

Let's be modern and make it pictorial. We'll use pictures of steers. We can do it two ways. One is the proper way. Let each steer represent so many pounds of beef, and use twice as many steers for the recent years as for the earlier one. Two-to-one still looks like two-to-one.

But suppose it is to our interest to give an exaggerated impression of the increase. We draw one steer to stand for earlier production and another, twice as high, to stand for today's. The second really dwarfs the first.

What's wrong with that method? Plenty. One steer being twice as high as the other, it is also twice as wide. So it occupies four times as much paper. And since it would, if it were a real steer, be twice as thick also, it is a picture of a creature eight times as large. If one is 500 pounds of beef, the other is not 1,000 pounds but 4,000.

That device is being used regularly to fool the eye. Watch for it in news magazines, newspapers, and industrial advertising.

Here's a slogan for winning an argument with statistics: If you can't prove what you want to prove, demonstrate something else and pretend they're the same thing.

Take the ad for a juice extractor that shouted "extracts 26 per cent more juice" as "proved by laboratory tests". Now the manufacturer of this device undoubtedly wanted to say that his product was better than competing machines. But he had one problem—it wasn't better. So he had a comparison made between it and an old-fashioned hand-operated squeezer instead. And that, although he didn't say so in his advertising, is where the "proved" 26 per cent superiority came from.

He double-talked about one thing and seemed to be talking about another.

Here's another way to change the subject. As personnel manager of a company that is fighting a union, you "make a survey" of employees. You ask each man if he has a complaint against the union. He probably has. So you are able to report that "a large majority of employees in this plant is opposed to the union". What you've done, of course, is add up a bunch of assorted irritations and call them something else.

When two things happen together, don't leap to the conclusion that one has caused the other. This occurring-together is called a correlation.

A substantial correlation was once established between smoking and college grades. Smokers made poorer grades than non-smokers. Therefore smoking dulls the mind.

But if you accept that as a sound conclusion, you must also believe many unlikely things. Maybe tobacco does dull minds. But maybe all the figures mean is that the sociable type of fellow who doesn't study much is also likely to smoke. For that matter, maybe those terrible grades drove him to tobacco.

There you have some of the ways in which statistics may deceive. Use these questions to test the figures you meet in your reading and your listening. It's surprising how many probable-sounding things you'll discover ain't necessarily so.

Letter from London

The Vogue Of Mithras in the City

By Beverley Nichols

IF THIS SHOULD REALLY be headed "Letter from Londinium", for in the past few weeks the metropolitan spotlight has swept back sixteen hundred years, to throw a fierce glare on the little Roman temple of Mithras, which so suddenly and so dramatically made its appearance from under the ruins of the City.

It is strange how this archaeological discovery has captured the imagination of the Cockney. The site of the temple is a desolate, blitzed area lying between St. Paul's and the Bank of England: acres of dust and rubble that have lain dormant for years, but are now being prepared for rebuilding. When the news first leaked out, the man-in-the-street was not greatly interested. Some old professor had found a marble head of some old god, and there were some old bits of pottery, and a coin of some old emperor called Constantine . . . so what?

Then, little by little, their curiosity was aroused. Mithras, it seems, was quite a fellow. For one thing, he was the god of the Sun, and that was enough to endear him to a people who lived in a city of ceaseless rain. For another, he was evidently something of an imperialist, for his religion stretched from Babylon to the Scottish moors, from the sea-ports of Northern France to the fringes of the Sahara. Gossip writers retold, with various degrees of inaccuracy, the legend of his epic struggle with the bull, from whose body came the fruits of the earth. Learned ecclesiastics recalled the many remarkable parallels between the Mithraic religion and the Christianity which supplanted it. And those who remembered their Kipling quoted his hymn of the Thirtieth Legion:

Mithras, God of the Morning,
Our trumpets waken the wall.

So Mithras, almost overnight, became the vogue, and from every corner of the city crowds have been flocking to the temple. Even Marlene Dietrich could hardly have complained of such a reception.

When I joined the queue it was a quarter of a mile long. There were old ladies on camp-stools, city clerks playing truant, country clergymen, conducted groups of schoolboys. All of us felt, in our various ways, the drama of the contrast between the present and the past. Around us towered gigantic modern office buildings, and the air was strident with the roar of pneumatic drills. But down here, in the rubble, was the shadow of a building where our conquerors once knelt in prayer to a pagan god, sixteen centuries ago, when the Roman legions straddled the world.

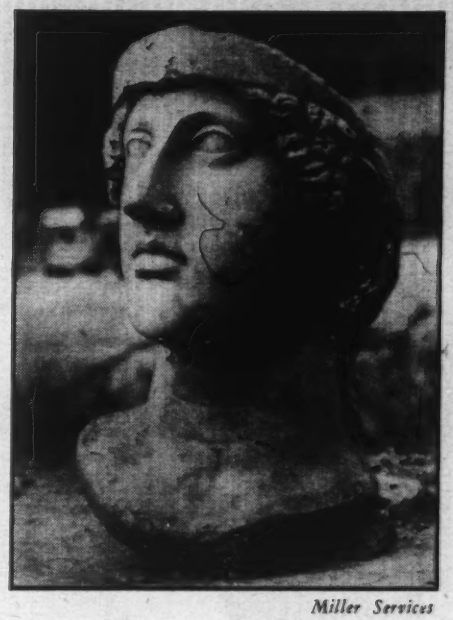
When we reached the temple itself, there was nothing much to see, only a broken wall, a sacred well, and the vague outlines of the seven flights of steps which symbolized man's ascent to the final, eighth Mithraic heaven. Maybe it was something of an anti-climax. But none of us who joined that queue will regret the experience; it reminded us so very poignantly of the richness of the soil we tread. Besides, it was our last chance. By the time you read these words, the last remnants of the temple will have vanished, to be buried for ever beneath the foundations of a skyscraper.

After visiting the temple, I strolled up the street to another temple where, I fear, there was no need to queue for admission. It was the little church of St. Stephen Walbrook. At the entrance to it there is a plaque giving its history:

Founded before 1096
Rebuilt 1439
Destroyed in the Great Fire 1666
Rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren 1672
Severely damaged by bombs 1941.

I went inside. It has been restored to its supremely beautiful proportions, but it was empty, save for an old lady practising one of the organ preludes of César Franck.

British Travel Association
BURLINGTON ARCADE: Even prams.



Miller Services
MITHRAS: Quite a fellow.

Then out again, and a pause on the steps, towards which the queues for Mithras were already converging. It seemed a pity that we had not a Poet Laureate of the stature of Wordsworth. From such an experience he would have found material for a whole sequence of sonnets.

IF YOU were to ask me where you could find the quintessence of the fashionable London of the past—the very *smell* of it—I should say the Burlington Arcade. It is a narrow, glass-roofed corridor of tiny, very elegant shops that runs from the bustle of Piccadilly to the comparative quietude of Cork Street. It was built in 1818 by Lord George Cavendish, an ancestor of the Duke of Devonshire, and the reason I emphasized the word "smell" is because, in this enclosed space, there is always a lingering suggestion of expensive perfumes that seeps through the shop doors. I like to think that it has drifted down, over the years, from the pretty ladies who used to stroll up and down the arcade, to be quizzed by the Prince Regent. In those days, of course, the prevailing odor was patchouli.

Well, the Burlington Arcade has just been bought by the vast Prudential Assurance Company, which has a finger in so many of Britain's economic pies. What this means is anybody's guess. We are so used to seeing historic London properties pass into the hands of soulless corporations who immediately proceed to demolish them that we had better be prepared for anything. But it will be a major tragedy if the Burlington goes. It is in so many ways unique. For instance, the premises are still guarded by beadles recruited from men of the Tenth Hussars, which was Lord George's old regiment; and they still wear the yellow waistcoats and the short

frock-coats which were affected by the Prince Regent. On the last day I walked down there, one of those beadles was bemoaning because the arcade wasn't what it used to be. "They've even let the prams in," he said. The sight of a perambulator in the Arcade, in the old days, would have caused as much consternation as a boa-constrictor in the Ritz. In the rules of the Arcade's Association there is even a ban on umbrellas!

WHAT ELSE? Well, there is a new play by Terence Rattigan called *Separate Tables*, all about the frustrations of the inhabitants of a seedy boarding house, and a brilliant, mordant piece of observation it is. The Queen Mother went on the third night, and was anxious to know if the characters — after the curtain came down — might reasonably look forward to a happy future. Could Mr. Terence Rattigan reassure her on this vital fact? Terry, who is the soul of tact, could, and did.

Then there is a new opera about Nelson, with music by Lennox Berkeley and libretto by Alan Pryce-Jones, who in his spare time — if he has any — is editor of the *Times Literary Supplement*. It had its first night at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, and it would be pleasant to record that it proved to be a masterpiece, but it didn't. The libretto is admirable, and if Pryce-Jones had written his story as a straight play he might have produced an enduring work of art. But the music . . . oh dear! The most damning criticism of it was unconsciously delivered by the composer himself, who described it as "belonging to the Mozart-Rossini-Verdi tradition". That is just it, and that is just the trouble. Those who are interested in parlor games might spend an amusing couple of hours trying to decide where Mozart and Rossini end, and where Verdi begins. But they would hardly feel, at the end of it all, that they had enjoyed a very significant musical experience.

It is a pity, for when Londoners have a chance of hearing good music, in these days, they respond as never before in their history. A record total of 294,000 people attended the Diamond Jubilee series of Promenade Concerts which has just finished at the Albert Hall, and the crowds were so great that the music had to be relayed to thousands standing in the rain outside. Sir Malcolm Sargent, who was one of the principal conductors, told me that it would have taken six months of concerts in New York's Carnegie Hall to have reached this season's number of attendances. And it is the same all over the country.

Well, we have to cheer ourselves up, one way or another, to forget the drip, drip of the rain, and the eternal frown of the clouds. If it was not music, it would be drink. However, I have made a vow to keep off the subject of the weather for the rest of the year. And so . . . goodbye till next month.

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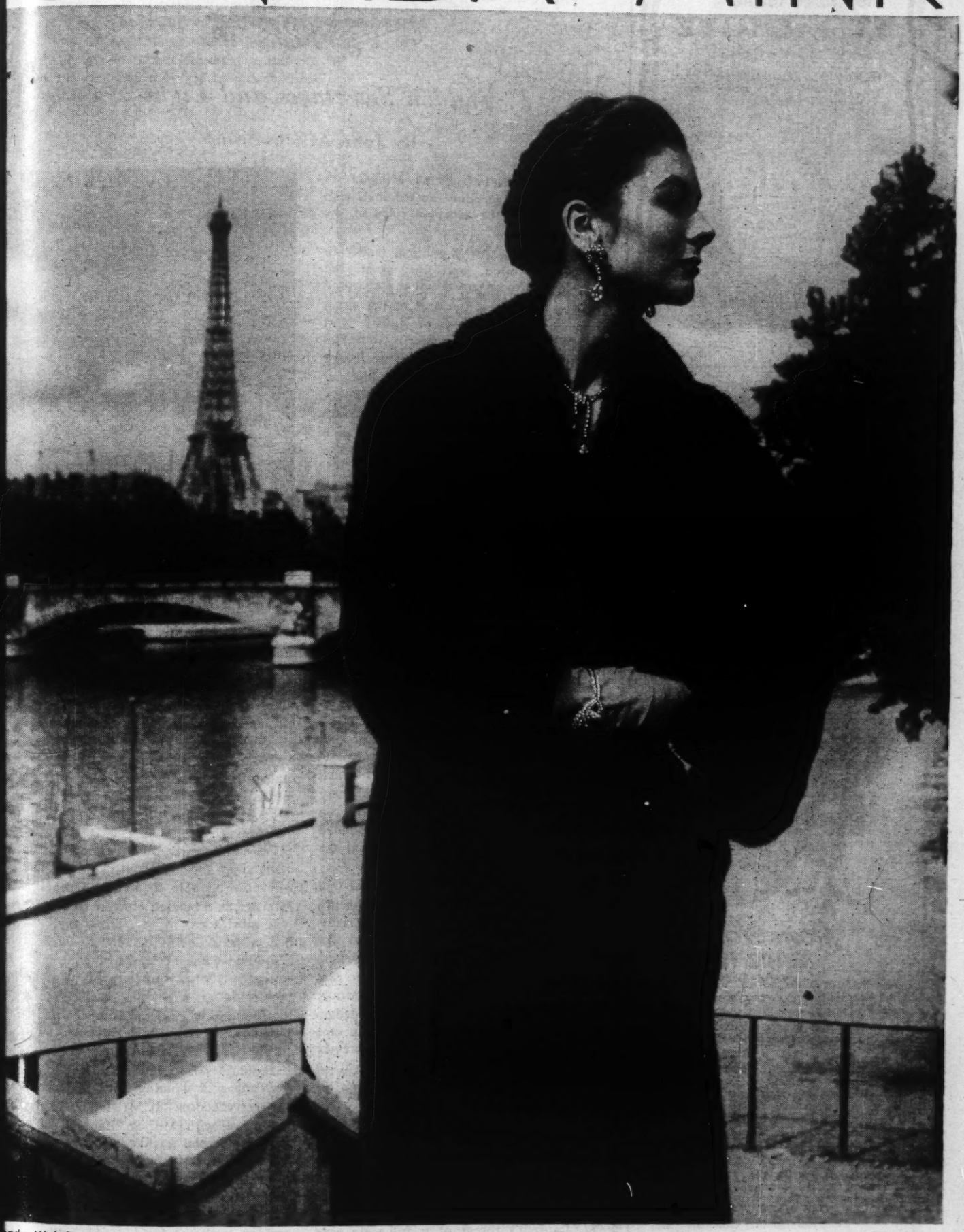

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Ottawa Letter

Sudden Sweetness and Light

By John A. Stevenson

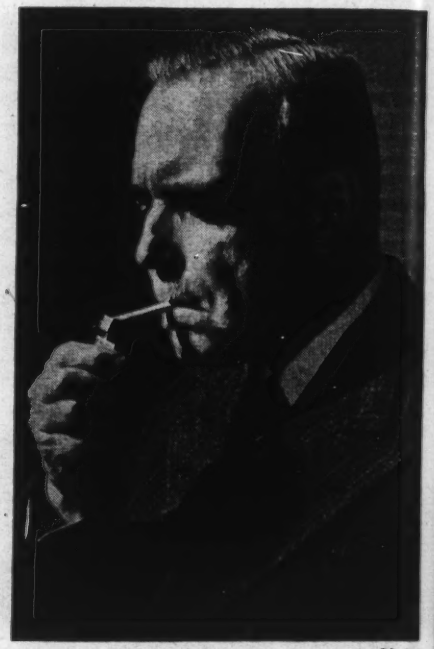
AS A POLITICIAN, Prime Minister St. Laurent is certainly an original, who defies many of the accepted rules of the game.

It is no crime for a political leader to change his mind, and the great Joe Chamberlain used to say that he would not give two pence for most of the views he had held twenty years previously. But one of the recognized rules is that you should let a reasonable time elapse before you proclaim publicly your change of heart. Yet here was Mr. St. Laurent a few short weeks ago denouncing Mr. Duplessis with bell, book and candle as a disrupter of national harmony and solemnly dedicating himself and his Liberal followers to a campaign of education, which would put an end to the mischievous activities of such a marplot.

But then he suddenly discovered that Mr. Duplessis is not the incurably vicious politician that he seemed to be, and he waived the prestige of his superior rank to go to Montreal for a conference about their differences. Apparently they matched minds in a friendly spirit and both of them, when they emerged from the conference, professed themselves highly pleased with the result. There was no achievement of a definite settlement but a harmonious exploration of ways and means towards it, and the financial experts will now build on the foundations which have been laid. Mr. St. Laurent said there had been a modification of attitudes on both sides, and Mr. Duplessis intimated his readiness to amend his provincial tax legislation.

It can almost be taken for granted that Mr. Duplessis will withdraw his absurd claim that the provinces have prior rights in income taxation. It was surmised that he would reduce the scale of his provincial levy from 15 per cent to 7 or 8 per cent and that the Federal Government would abandon its stiff attitude about the deduction of this levy from Federal income taxation. Snags may develop to prevent a real settlement, but both leaders will get credit for an honest effort towards its accomplishment.

Naturally the Liberal contingent from Quebec in the Federal Parliament are relieved at the prospect that they may not have to be mobilized for internecine warfare with Mr. Duplessis, but Mr. Drew has even greater cause for elation. Mr. St. Laurent's threat of a full-scale campaign against Mr. Duplessis for the preservation of national unity seemed to have landed Mr. Drew in a deep political bog, in which he was almost bound to be submerged eventually. But now Mr. St. Laurent blandly admits that both Mr. Duplessis and Mr. Drew had considerable justification for their attitude and has intimated that he will probably in the near future summon a Federal-provincial conference to review the whole problem of taxation afresh.



Malak
ST. LAURENT: Belated convert?

For some years past Mr. Drew has been demanding exactly such action, and he will now be able to welcome the Prime Minister as a belated convert to his views.

It must seem to Mr. Drew that Providence had suddenly decided to throw him a life-line when he was struggling in dark waters. He has shown great wisdom in preserving a discreet silence since the conflict between the Prime Minister and Mr. Duplessis was openly revived by the former's speech at the luncheon on the "Saxonia". Mr. Drew may have to abandon hopes of winning seats in Quebec at the next election. If Mr. Duplessis makes his peace with Mr. St. Laurent, he will never intervene against the Liberals in a Federal contest, but Mr. Drew's position in the English-speaking provinces will be materially strengthened. In them there is much wonderment over Mr. St. Laurent's sudden melting from stern belligerence

into a conciliatory mood, and in some quarters the change is attributed to strong pressure by his Ministers from Quebec.

It is believed in Ottawa that, while Mr. St. Laurent may have discussed his move with a few favored Ministers, he did not consult his Cabinet before he launched his now halted crusade against Mr. Duplessis, and that most of them, particularly the French-Canadians, were appalled by his course of action.

The campaigns in the six by-elections which are due to be held on November 8 are now in full swing, and all the contesting candidates have been nominated.

Mr. Chevrier's majority in Stormont was so large, 6,259, that his Liberal successor should be elected comfortably, and the Liberals are now reasonably confident that the sudden *rapprochement* between Prime Minister St. Laurent and Mr. Duplessis will enable them to hold the St. Antoine-Westmount and the St. Lawrence-St. George divisions of Montreal, although they admit that, in the former, Egan Chambers, the Progressive Conservative nominee, is likely to give the Hon. Mr. Marler a hard run.

In the Toronto area the Liberals have renominated for West York Robert Campbell, who was defeated by the late Rodney Adamson in 1953, but they have not much hope of capturing it, as the Progressive Conservatives have, in John Hamilton, a reasonably good candidate. The nominee of the CCF, Bruce Evans, will get a lot of the working-class vote as there is considerable unemployment in the constituency. The Liberals are on the defensive in the Trinity division of Toronto, which Mr. Conacher won in 1953 in a four-cornered contest. Hugh Plaxton, a former MP, was ambitious to resume his political career, but apparently both Mr. Howe and Mr. Harris frowned upon his candidacy.

The anti-Plaxtonite Liberals ranged themselves behind Don Carrick, but at the nominating convention they were only able to prevail over Mr. Plaxton's supporters by the perilously narrow majority of one, the vote being 79 to 78, and such a battle is bound to leave scars. Mr. Carrick was once amateur golf champion of Canada, and the Liberals think that to the many voters whose admiration for the athletic prowess of Mr. Conacher caused them to support him, another good athlete will have a great appeal. But Mr. Carrick is politically inexperienced and it will be strange if he proves a match in debate during the campaign for the Progressive Conservative candidate, Willson Woodside, who is well versed in public affairs and a practised speaker.

The Liberals are virtually reconciled to the loss of the Selkirk seat in Manitoba to the CCF, who have renominated William "Scottie" Bryce, holder of the seat from 1945 to 1953.

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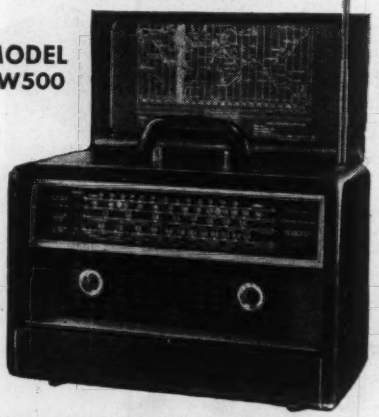

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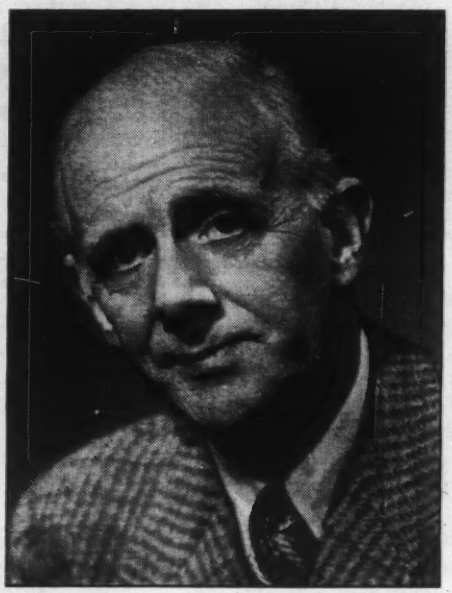
Current Account

From Watts to the No. 2 Brownie

By Woodman Lamb

REPLACEMENT of tired old bills with the new issue of Bank of Canada notes has been going on fairly briskly during the past few weeks and without any great amount of public excitement. Possibly the public is too stunned by what the Bank of Canada has perpetrated to raise an immediate outcry.

A government pamphlet, issued to explain "why the change was made and what lies behind some of the new features", explains that "these changes improve the safety, reduce production costs and simplify appearance", and the truth of this statement cannot be doubted. Currency experts of several countries have agreed that the new Canadian notes make counterfeiting well - nigh impossible; the new appearance has the brash simplicity of a soap premium; and you can't miss the effect of reduced production costs — the new bills look breathtakingly cheap.



John Steele
PROF. ERIC ARTHUR: "Pathetic".

This is not a unanimous opinion, of course. It may not even be a majority opinion. Officials of the Bank of Canada are pretty proud of what they have produced (selection of design, photographs and so on, seems to have been a group effort), and they can quote the laudatory remarks of such diverse characters as private bankers and newspapermen to sustain that pride. And they have some artistic support. When we questioned Charles Comfort, RCA, OSA, associate professor of Art at the University of Toronto, he said he thought that the one-dollar bill (the only new note he had seen at the time) was "well considered, extremely smart". "The simplification of the bill is a great improvement over the Louis Philippe decoration of the earlier one," he said. "Now we have a bill that has a clarity and clean-lined tendency consistent with modern decor. There may be features of it which, as an artist, I might wish otherwise, but of course, security must qualify the design."

The Bank of Canada went to great pains, with intricate engraving and printing processes, to make sure that the new notes would be as secure from counterfeiting as was humanly possible. They also tried to improve ready identification, with a better use of color, and generally succeeded. But their attempt to make the notes examples of good design can only be described as a shocking failure, and the glorious opportunity to put before Canadians and others daily evidence of the beauty of fine design was dismally missed.

"There are at least eight different styles of type and lettering, all bad, on the face of the new bills," Clair Stewart, one of Canada's foremost authorities on design, pointed out. "One style was even lifted from the old bill. Why, when the whole thing was being changed? The most disappointing part of it is that once again they have made the fatal error of trying to produce an informal portrait of the Queen, and again they haven't succeeded in giving her a royal appearance. It is an informal portrait stuck against an ugly, almost formal design. The only sensible thing about it is that the portrait has been moved over to the right, away from where the bill is normally folded. The border angles are most unfortunate. The numbers fit awkwardly —and that's a ghastly figure 1 on the one-dollar bill. Industrial design is sponsored by the Federal Government. It's strange that the value of good design in currency and stamps isn't recognized."

Much the same sort of criticism came from E. R. Arthur, Professor of Architectural Design, the School of Architecture, University of Toronto: "I don't like the design of the diagonals in the corners . . . Nothing could be more pathetic than separating the ribbon from the coat of arms . . . The design of the figure 1

isn't nearly as good as the former classical one . . . That thing on the back of the one-dollar bill looks like a blasted heath."

The Bank officials thought the design on the back should have a strong Canadian flavor and should be varied to make identification easier. They could not use one scene from each province, because the notes came in only eight denominations. Consequently, they thumbed through hundreds of photographs of "typical" Canadian scenes before choosing eight that appeared to be regional rather than provincial. To quote the explanatory pamphlet: "Among many hundreds of subjects considered, these photographs were chosen because they fitted technical requirements which called for compositions fitting a wide, shallow space, and include detail which makes the most of good steel engraving reproduction. They were also chosen because each was characteristic of a number of areas in Canada rather than one particular spot." The intention may have been good, but the results are something else. Actually, the scenes are characteristic of little but the depressing nullity that goes with third-rate production of second-rate photography.

"The back of the $10 bill," one gloomy designer remarked, "is the closest thing I've seen to one of Dorés engravings for Dante's *Inferno*. People abroad will think Canada's a hell of a place."

One Barrie Helmer, writing to the *Ottawa Citizen*, thought that the back of the new $5 bill "requires only the addition of a few Highland cattle, a thick coat of varnish and a tarnished gilt frame to complete its resemblance to that dreary 'Highland Glen' that once hung over the piano in every true Canadian home."

The old notes had a 19th Century style of decor and no doubt it was time for a change. It is hardly an improvement, however, to shift from the Watts to the No. 2 Brownie form of art.

There may be some truth to the rumor that Ottawa employs an official but unrecognized practical joker who enjoys playing large scale pranks on the guileless public. One has only to think of the queer things that have been done to Canadian stamps. The matter may be worth investigating, particularly since there is still the problem of Canada's national flag. If we do get a distinctive flag, we don't want one designed by the type of prankster who created the Piltdown Man.

All in all, about the best that can be said for the new issue of bank notes is that nobody appears to have made any mistakes in spelling or punctuation. This is more than can be said about the pamphlet produced to explain about the new folding money. At one point it spells currency "curency". Let us at least be grateful that somebody proofread our new bills.

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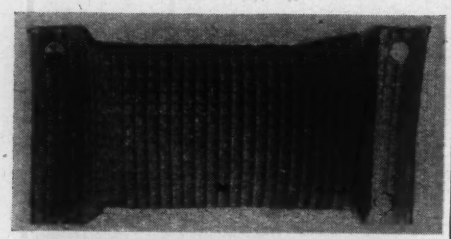

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Foreign Affairs

Why I Am Going Into Politics

By Willson Woodside

I HAVE been asked many times since I threw my hat in the ring, early last June, why I am going into politics. What happened immediately after I declared my intention illuminates the situation perfectly. Friends began phoning up from Trinity Riding, some from ethnic groups, some Anglo-Saxon, to say how pleased they were—these were real friends—but quite a number to ask why, oh why, had I not come down on the Liberal side?

They themselves usually voted Liberal, they said, many had never known anything but a Liberal Government during their years in Canada, they weren't sure what a Conservative Government would be like, and besides, it would be so much easier to win on the Liberal side!

I have therefore had considerable practice in explaining, this summer, that I believe profoundly in the two-party system, and I think it is time that Canadians became seriously concerned about their own responsibility in preserving this system.

It is easy enough to point to shortcomings of the Conservative Party: I think no party looks its best in opposition. But the voters tend to succumb to the bandwagon spirit. Many of them say, "Well, we're getting pretty good government—and who have the Conservatives got to run the country?" Of course, the Liberals look bigger than they are, because they hold most of the seats in parliament on less than half of the popular vote. And the Conservatives look smaller than they would if they held one-third of the seats—they have been getting one-third of the votes. The ministers of the Government have their names in the papers every day, running the country and spending our money. Conservative ministers would look just as big with all this publicity. After all, who now remembers the names of the cabinet ministers of the last British Labor Government?

It seems I have had a certain success in my arguments. Here is a translation of what an editor of one of the ethnic papers—one who supported the Liberals in the last election—has written on this subject. He tells his people: "One of the conditions of the good working of the democratic system is an effective opposition. When the opposition becomes too weak and one party is in power too long, there is a danger to democracy, a danger of degeneration. In a democratic country the voice of the opposition must be of the same value, if not greater, than the voice of the government's supporters.

"It is quite naive of some people to think that if they are satisfied with the government they must continue to support its candidates on every occasion. Even some of the good deeds of the government have been done because of the activity of the Opposition. So that if we have more intelligent members of the Opposition we get better Government!"

If I mentioned in passing that the Conservatives have only one-sixth of the members of parliament, for one-third of the popular vote, this does *not* mean that I would like to see proportional representation introduced in Canada. Far from it: all I have seen of the *practice* of this theoretically promising system of voting has turned me away from it. Under proportional representation, the parties represent every group and interest, but none represents the nation.

I have come to believe more and more strongly in the two-party system which long prevailed in Canada and still does in the United States and Britain, under which both parties represent a cross-section of the entire nation, farmers and industrial workers, business and professional people. There are differences in program and in tradition between these parties, but—let us face it—the greatest difference is that one is in and the other is out. By the working of the laws of human nature, those who are in power, and especially in power long, become too busy to maintain their contact with the people, become vain and arrogant, thinking that they alone know how to do things, often become corrupt, from too assiduously looking after "their own."

At the same time, the "outs" are purging themselves and bringing in new and younger men, seeking closer contact with the people in the search for a new program. They become leaner and more active; their candidates rely more on hard work. And so the cycle comes round.

Another and more particular reason why I am going into politics is because Canada's role in world affairs is growing rapidly, both because of her growing strength and because of her position in the Western coalition, between the U.S. and Britain, and her location between the U.S. and Russia. Having spent half of my 48 years in the field of foreign affairs—and really out in the field much of the time—I hope to be able to make some contribution in this sphere of policy, on which our very existence has come to depend more and more.

Finally, I am often asked why I am running in Toronto - Trinity, largely a working-class district. "Do the Conservatives think people in such a district will vote for them?" The answer to that one cannot be given authoritatively until November 8. But there is no doubt that Trinity holds a special attraction for me. The Conservative Party must win such ridings, if it is to form another government. And I believe that a personal knowledge of the homelands, the temperament, the aspirations, the language of the nearly fifty per cent of "ethnic" voters in Trinity gives me a special opportunity to represent them in parliament and to help them gain their full status as Canadians as soon as possible.

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Author of FROM THE CITY, FROM THE PLOUGH

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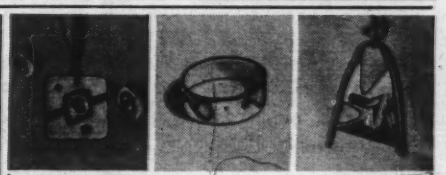

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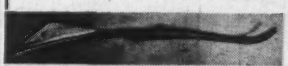

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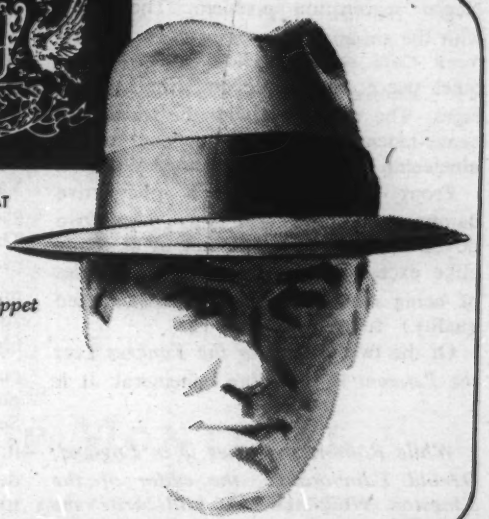

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Books

Two Private Visions of a Crazy World

By Arnold Edinborough

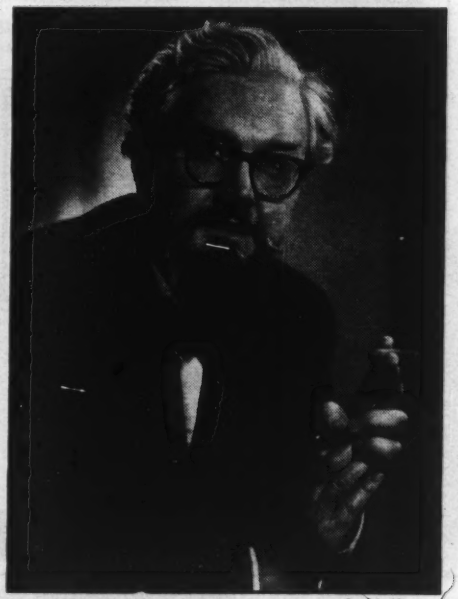
IN THE *London Observer* these past few weeks there has been one of those literary round-robins going on about the position of the novel in contemporary literature. Little of importance emerged. Everyone said what you would have expected him to say. The poet thought the novel was a shoddy form of literature. The intellectual thought the novel was too bogged down in contemporary events. The historian thought the novel was trying to do what properly belonged to him, and not doing it so well. Only Alan Pryce-Jones said something which, in his character of the bluff, good-hearted I-know-what-I-like sort of fellow, was inevitable but necessary. Talking of European novelists like Sartre, Camus and Moravia, and Americans like Faulkner and Hemingway, he said that they were writing good novels because each had a "private vision" to convey, and that each was using the novel "to clarify his own imagination".

He went on to say: "It is the weakness of the modern English novel to be much too ambitious. Week after week a stream of quite shapely, quite literate novels, drops from the press. They stand there, elegant, dampish and unassertive—like blancmange."

I am sure that distance lends enchantment to Mr. Pryce-Jones's view. There are a great many equally unambitious novels published in the United States and Canada, but such novels do not travel well and are not seen in England. They deal with the social enormities of the Negro segregation problem. They deal with the sin-and-tonic atmosphere of New York Café society. They deal with the quiet peace of gentle New England villages. The worst deal with the travails of heavy-laden settlers moving out to the nineteenth century American west.

From the pile of such unassertive dampness on my desk this week two novels emerge. They are not in any way alike except in the fundamental qualities of being readable, original, and (blessed quality) funny.

Of the two, *The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant* is the more ephemeral. It is a modern employment of the Faust legend in a setting of the major baseball leagues. Joe Boyd, a bald and fattening middle-aged real-estate salesman, an ardent supporter of the Washington Senators, is approached by a modern devil who will barter him phenomenal skill on the baseball field for the usual *quid pro quo*. The real-estate man, showing the cunning of his species, agrees to the deal but manages to get an escape clause into the contract. If he will go to the devil permanently, he will be able to appear with the Washington Senators and win the pennant for them with his skill. If he decides to renege, then the Yankees will win, and his soul will be his own.



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ROBERTSON DAVIES: The splendid invention of characters larger than life.

Joe Boyd becomes Joe Hardy and he takes the Senators to a tie with the Yankees. Everything depends on the last game between the two clubs. Joe reneges. The devil has the game tied to keep up everybody's hopes in a devilish way and makes it all depend on the final run by Joe. Joe is adamant and the devil changes him back to a puffing middle-aged grampus as he runs from third base to the plate on the homer that will give the Senators the game. He just does not make it; but the umpire rules him safe. The devil is furious and puts on a Yankee cap to argue with the umpire himself. But the game is won for "the afternoon had proved an axiom long known to baseball men . . . that not even the devil could force an umpire to change his mind".

The whole book is made funny because of its central situation; but not only by that. It *could* have been nothing more than a gag, and one wondered at the beginning whether there was enough here for a full-length novel. But this fear was groundless. The anatomy of middle-aged marriage, of fan-worship, of social pattern and convention, and of love (which is not irrelevant as it might have been in this plot) makes this book more than just a light-hearted spree. Even for non-baseball fans there is something worth reading in it, and much that is worth laughing at.

The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant is a good story. It is funny and it is inventive. It is fair to say that it lacks any greater quality. In *Leaven of Malice* there is a good deal more. Robertson Davies is not so concerned with his central situation for itself. His plot is simple enough. A malicious person puts an engagement announcement in the local paper linking the names of two people whose families are at daggers-drawn. The rest of the book follows from this incident and, as the title implies, there is enough comic yeast in this incident for the whole book to rise magnificently to the occasion.

What then, if it is not the central incongruity, is it that makes *Leaven of Malice* funny? The answer is character—the splendid invention of a whole group of people who are larger than life. And this is a more legitimate method of evoking laughter, just as it is longer-lasting. In ten years' time, it may well be that the Yankees will have had more of the treatment that they met with this year and the fact that they lose the pennant will not in itself be funny. But in a hundred years time there will still be people who conduct themselves like the characters in *Leaven of Malice*.

The people, some of them carried over from *Tempest Tost*, are from a staid University town. There is an editor of the local paper, two professors of widely differing types, a clergyman, an organist and two faculty wives. There is a mixture of businessmen (from the circulation side of the paper) travelling salesmen, reporters and lawyers.

But all these characters are larger than life. The editor has a routine which is authentic, but he cooks his meals in his office and has a somewhat demanding homemaker who complicates matters for him. His associate is an elderly writer whose woolly style is appropriately enough reminiscent of Charles Lamb and who has a pathetic and yet funny attachment to the job which he thinks he is doing so well. One professor is a man of inordinate pride and monumental stupidity in anything else but his own field. The other is a young

While Robertson Davies is in England, Arnold Edinborough, the editor of the Kingston Whig-Standard, *will write the book criticism.*

go-getter who suffers from the inferiority complex of his wife. The mother of the young man who is linked with the girl in the engagement notice is a petty tyrant who rings true in a rather bogey fashion.

But the triumph of the book is the creation of two characters. The first is a funny character. He is the organist of St. Nicholas' Cathedral. Dirty, ill-kempt, uninhibited, poor and yet as full of vitality as the rest of Salterton put together, his antics are as wild as his appearance and his wife is the perfect foil for him. In Humphrey Cobbler, Mr. Davies has come close to creating a really Dickensian character. And by this I mean a character conceived in the best traditions of Dickens, not one who is a copy from Dickens.

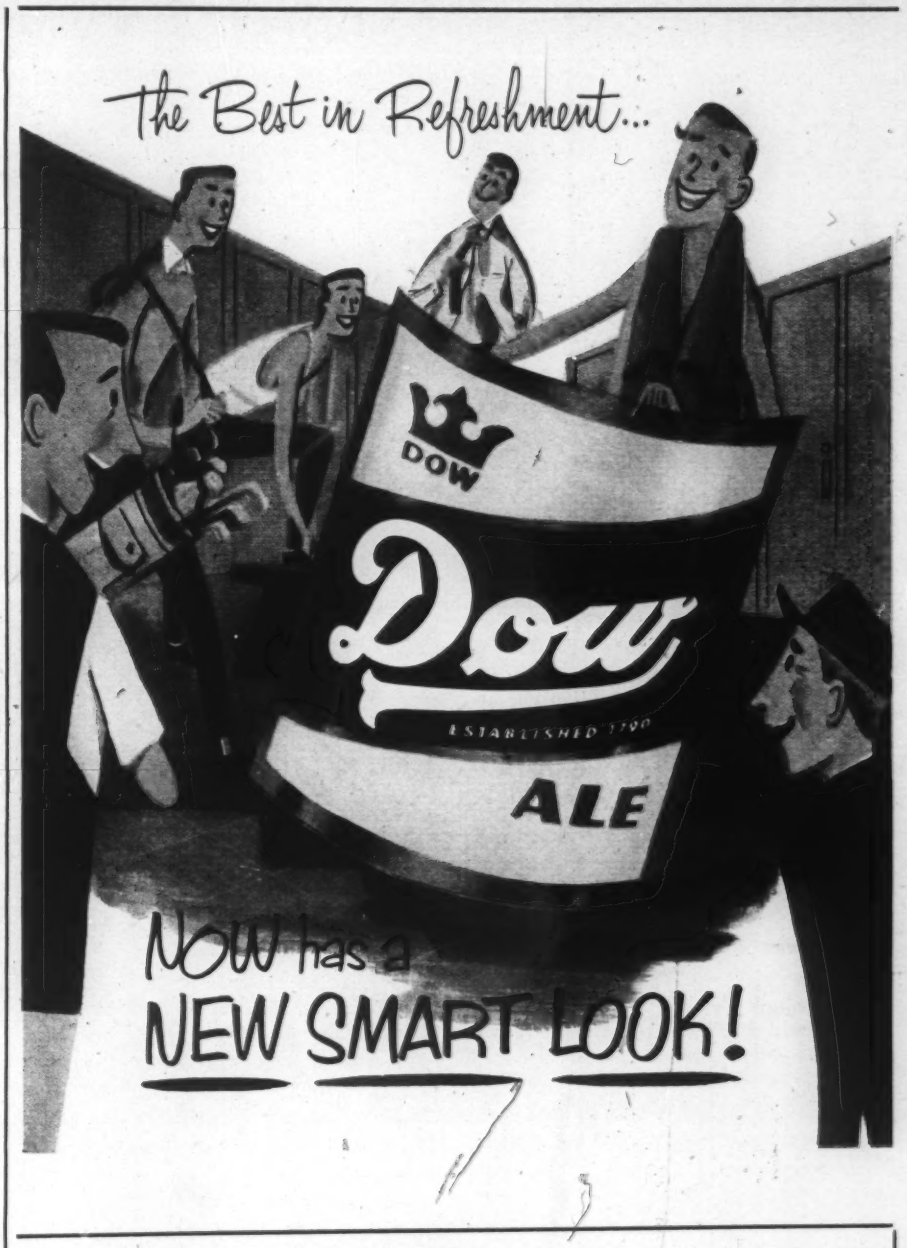
The other character is Dean Jevon Knapp of the Cathedral, a sympathetic person who has his feet firmly on the ground. He is the necessary shoring-up that must be included in a novel of this comic type. He is, in a different way, what Traddles is to *David Copperfield*, and what Enobarbus is to *Antony and Cleopatra*— the *punctum indifferens* by whom the crazier people may be judged.

This really means that he is the only completely credible character in the book, which leads us to ask whether this is a good thing or not. Is Mr. Davies conveying his own private vision in a book where the whole world seems to be eccentric? It seems more likely to me that he is in fact conveying the vision of that well-known *doppelganger* of his, Samuel Marchbanks.

Now the vision of Samuel Marchbanks is a sharp one. It is also a mighty analytical one. It strips away pretence and humbug with all the gusto that one could wish for. The layers of hypocrisy are peeled away as one would peel the outer layers of an onion. But there should be something left inside when the outer layers have gone. It is this something that is missing in *Leaven of Malice*. There needs to be something human left, something a little warmer than the happy ending with which we are provided. That something is not understood by Samuel Marchbanks. It is by Dean Jevon Knapp. It is by Dickens. It is by Thackeray. And I think it is by Robertson Davies. When he acknowledges it, and uses it, instead of producing a first-rate farce (which is what *Leaven of Malice* is) he will produce a first-rate comic novel. That will be a red letter day for Canadian literature, and it will also add another name to the list of novelists which no doubt will still be being compiled by critics in the *London Observer*.

THE YEAR THE YANKEES LOST THE PENNANT—by Douglass Wallop—pp. 250—McLeod—$3.50.

LEAVEN OF MALICE—by Robertson Davies—pp. 312—Clarke, Irwin—$3.00.



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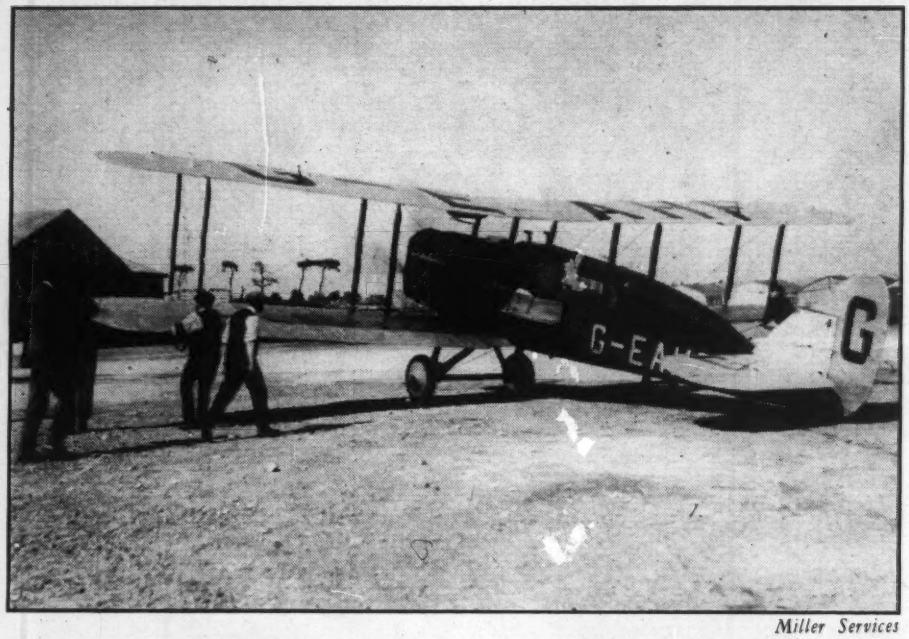

Miller Services

An early de Havilland airliner: "The trend of development towards the modern aircraft was beginning to appear".

Slide Rule: Competition Between Airships

By NEVIL SHUTE: PART II

I STARTED regular work with de Havillands in January, 1923. The firm had already grown considerably, and they now had an order for eleven of a new type of transport for the London-Paris route. The D.H.34 was still a single-engined biplane powered by one Napier Lion engine, but the trend of development towards the modern aircraft was beginning to appear. Two pilots were seated side by side in an open cockpit behind the engine and in front of the top wing; behind them the full-gap fuselage accommodated a cabin for eight passengers and, I think, a toilet. This was a bigger aeroplane even than the D.H.18; I forget its fully loaded weight but it was probably eight thousand pounds. It stalled at the incredibly high speed of sixty-one m.p.h., so that its introduction caused something like a strike of the pilots of the operating companies who held that an aeroplane with so high a landing speed could never be operated safely. Looking back thirty years, there may have been some reason on their side, for the machine had no brakes, wireless of the most elementary nature operating by Morse code with a tapping key, no flaps, no blind-flying instruments; in consequence forced landings in fields along the route had to be borne in mind if bad weather should make it impossible to complete a flight. However, the pilots got to like it in the end and the machine served the airlines well for several years, till larger, multi-engined aircraft took its place.

Most of the test flying in the early days was done by Captain de Havilland himself, but presently the company engaged a second pilot. Hatchett had been a sergeant pilot in the war, and he was a skilled woodworker; when he was not flying he worked on the bench. He was a very steady and reliable pilot. I think the next pilot to join the organization was Alan Cobham, and I remember his arrival very well because he brought an aeroplane with him, by road. He had been joy riding somewhere and had discovered a complete new D.H.9 on some aerodrome that had escaped the sledge hammer altogether; perhaps Cobham stood the man a beer. At any rate, he bought it for ninety pounds and towed it behind his car to Stag Lane aerodrome to commence an intricate negotiation with Mr. Hearle with the intent that the company would get a cheap aeroplane and Cobham a job. The deal went through. In those early days Cobham was not rated as the best pilot that the company employed, but he had a fantastic capacity for hard work and organization; he could work eighteen hours a day, month after month, and he was soon to prove it by a series of pioneering flights about the world that brought him a great reputation and a knighthood.

In the spring of 1923 I learned to fly. The company by that time had started a flying school as another branch of its activities, and they were training reserve pilots for the Royal Air Force on Renault Avros, a somewhat unusual version of the well-known Avro 504 trainer which was probably dictated by the fact that rotary engines were going out of use and henceforward training had to be upon machines with stationary engines.

The private pilot's licence had not then been introduced, and a pilot was recognized as such when he had passed the tests for the Royal Aero Club certificate, which entailed an ascent to six thousand feet, flying several figures of eight at about a thousand feet, and a landing without damage. For some reason that I cannot understand I did not take this test till February, 1924, perhaps because of shortage of money.

So the pleasant, busy months passed. I worked on the calculations for a great variety of those early aircraft and flew in most of them as a test observer or just plain ballast.

While I was working at Stag Lane I was well placed for writing in the evenings, for my digs were only a few yards from the aerodrome, so that none of my spare time was wasted travelling to work.

I knew before putting my first finger to the typewriter that what I was about to write would probably be useless and unpublishable through inexperience, because everybody has to learn his trade and the trade of a writer can only be learned by writing. Apart from writing I was getting on well in a good job as an engineer; there was no economic compulsion on me to hawk my stuff around and try to sell it in order to live. In all my early work the correspondence shows that I was quite content to accept refusal, put the thing on the shelf, and start on something else. At that time, of course, I had no literary agent.

I finished my first novel in 1923, sent it to three publishers, and put it on the shelf, where it will remain because it is a very poor book.

IN the autumn of 1924 I left de Havillands, with some regret. It was a delightful company to work for, but it was staffed by seniors who were all young men and all vastly more experienced than I was, so that no promotion could be rapid. In aviation at that time there were opportunities on every side for those who had the wit to take them, and Mr. B. N. Wallis, who was then a designer of rigid airships working for Vickers, Ltd., was gathering together a staff for the design of a very large airship to be known as the R.100. I joined this staff in the capacity of Chief Calculator, which should not be misinterpreted. I knew nothing of airships at that time and the Airship Guarantee Company, a subsidiary of Vickers, Ltd., employed three con-

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ALAN COBHAM earned a great reputation and a knighthood.

sultants who were to teach me the fundamentals of my job and carry out research into the methods. Professor Bairstow was our authority on aerodynamics, Professor Pippard on structures, and Mr. J. E. Temple was the most practical and useful of them all because he had been Chief Calculator for Wallis on the design of a former ship, the R.80 built by Vickers at the conclusion of the war. My job was to get together a staff of calculators to do the work on R.100, translating the theories of the consultants into the forces and stresses in each member of the ship and so providing the draughtsmen with the sizes for each girder and each wire.

This was an important matter, for the previous experience of England in the construction of rigid airships had not been happy. Rigid airships had been built during the war upon the lines of the German airships that had been shot down. Vickers had had a hand in this program with the construction of R.80 and other ships, and R.80 at any rate had been properly stressed according to the best aerodynamic data available at the time. Most of the other ships had been designed and built by a staff of government officials attached to the Air Ministry, but the methods of the German designers were not known, of course, and these ships had been built empirically and by copying the sizes of the girders in the German ships. The last of them was R.38. On her third flight a structural weakness in the girders was revealed, but was made light of. On her fourth flight she was doing turning trials over the Humber in perfect weather when she broke in two, the front part catching fire and falling in the river and the rear part coming down on land. Forty-four lives were lost in the accident. At the enquiry into the disaster it came out that the officials responsible had made no cal-

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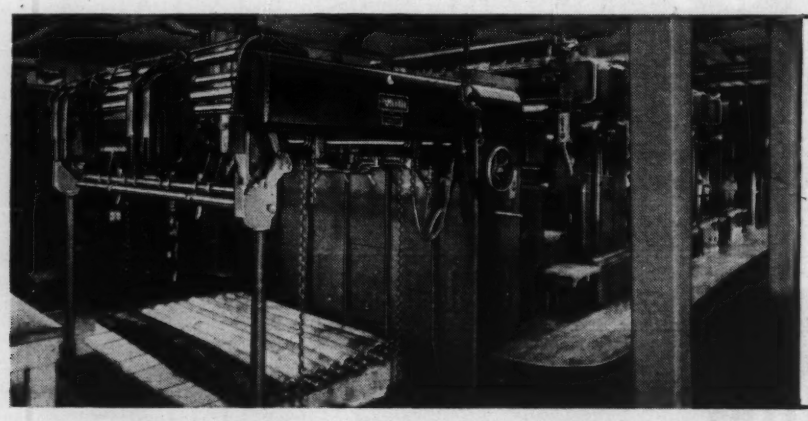

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culations whatsoever of the aerodynamic forces acting on the ship in flight; it was not therefore very surprising that she broke when doing turns at full helm.

On taking up my new job I spent many hours reading old reports and records to find out what had been done in the field of airship calculations before, and when I came on the report of the R.38 accident enquiry I sat stunned, unable to believe the words that I was reading. I had come from the hard commercial school of de Havillands where competence was the key to survival and a disaster might have meant the end of the company and unemployment for everyone concerned with it. It was inexpressibly shocking to me to find that before building the vast and costly structure of R.38 the civil servants concerned had made no attempt to calculate the aerodynamic forces acting on the ship, and I remember going to one of my chiefs with the report in my hand to ask him if this could possibly be true. Not only did he confirm it but he pointed out that no one had been sacked over it, nor even suffered any censure. Indeed, he said, the same team of men had been entrusted with the construction of another airship, the R.101, which was to be built by the Air Ministry in competition with our own ship, the R.100.

The situation in the airship world at that time was curious. It was generally agreed in 1924 that the aeroplane would never be a very suitable vehicle for carrying passengers across the oceans, and that airships would operate all the long-distance routes of the future. We were all quite wrong, of course, but at that time it seemed reasonable; no aeroplane had yet succeeded in crossing the Atlantic from east to west whereas a German airship, the *Graf Zeppelin*, was already carrying commercial loads of passengers both ways to South America upon a regular schedule. In England Sir Dennis Burney was perhaps the leading airship enthusiast, acting with Vickers, Ltd., and in 1923 this group put forward a proposal to the Government that they should build six commercial airships and set up a company to operate them on the Empire routes. This proposal was approved in principle, but before an agreement could be signed and sealed the Conservative government went out and the first Labour government came in, and the whole thing was thrown back into the melting pot.

The Government of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald appointed a Cabinet Committee to investigate the whole matter and to decide a course of action. There was, of course, a strong inclination towards State enterprise and a disinclination to put the whole airship program in the hands of private capital; moreover there was a nucleus of civil servants in the Air Ministry who had been associated with the R.38, who considered that they alone knew how to build airships. The

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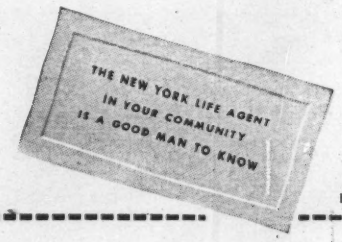

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controversy of capitalism versus State enterprise has been argued, tested, and fought out in many ways in many countries, but surely the airship venture in England stands as the most curious determination of this matter. The Cabinet Committee heard all the evidence, and had difficulty in making up their minds. Finally, in effect, they said, "The Air Ministry at Cardington shall build an airship of a certain size, load-carrying capacity, and speed, and Vickers, Ltd. shall build another one to the same contract specification. By this ingenious device we really shall find out which is the better principle, capitalism or State enterprise." I joined the capitalist team.

However satisfactory the competitive experiment may have been to that Cabinet Committee, it cannot be said that it brought peace to the competing staffs. Each had its own peculiar viewpoint, and the two were quite irreconcilable. The Air Ministry staff at Cardington considered that they were engaged upon a great experiment of national importance, too great to be entrusted to commercial interests.

The staff of the private company took a different view. In 1916 the principle had been laid down for aeroplanes that all construction should be left in the hands of private enterprise, a decision which had been imposed by bitter experience. In the realm of airships this principle had never been observed, and the bitter experience was not yet at an end. The disaster to the Government-designed R.38 was still fresh in the memory. These were the people, said the private staff bitterly, these very same men, all but one who had killed himself in R.38, who were to be entrusted with the construction of another airship when by rights they ought to be in gaol for manslaughter.

Most of those men are now dead, killed in the accident to the airship they designed in competition with us, the R.101, and it may be that these acerbities ought not to be revived twenty-five years later. If I revive them for a moment now it is because there are still lessons to be learned from this peculiar experiment of Government and private enterprise working in direct competition on constructions to the same specification, and because the bitterness, almost amounting to direct hostility, between the competing staffs had its effect on history; if there had been more friendly co-operation between the design staffs the disaster to R.101 might not have happened.

This is the second of nine excerpts from "Slide Rule: The Autobiography of an Engineer" by Nevil Shute. Copyright 1954 by Nevil Shute. Published by William Morrow and Company, Inc. and George J. McLeod Limited, Toronto. The third instalment will appear in next week's issue.

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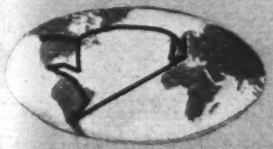

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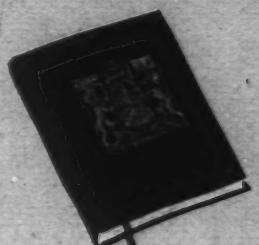

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Author-illustrator, and Curator of Art Gallery and Museum of London, Ont., since 1940. Studied in New York and Paris. Member of the Ontario Society of Artists.

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A husband, says the dictionary, is a man married to a woman. A second definition states that to husband is 'to manage thriftily'.

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Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

FOR A CHAMELON echo problem limited to just the white Queen and white Pawns, we have once more to rely on M. Havel. With just a single Pawn he contrives the doubling of a well-known model mate:

White: K on QR1; Q on K6; P on QKt2. Black: K on QKt4. Mate in five.

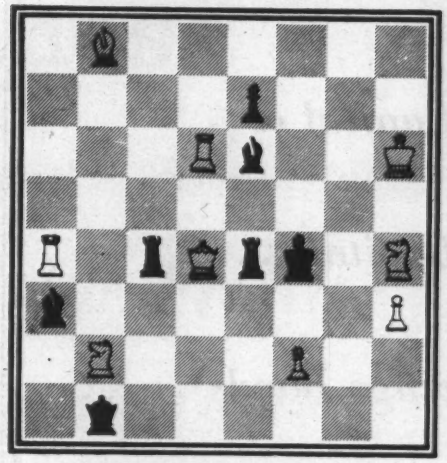
1.Q-Q6, K-R4; 2.P-Kt3; 3.K-Kt2; 4.Q-B6; 5.Q-Kt6 mate. 1.Q-Q6, K-R5; 2.Q-Q5; 3.K-Kt1; 4.Q-QB5; 5.Q-Kt5 mate.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 87.

1.Q-R6, Q-R8 or B-Q6; 2.K-Kt8, etc. 1.Q-R6, Q-Kt7, B-K7 or P-Kt7; 2.B-B5, etc. 1.Q-R6, Q-Q6, Q-K7 or B-R6; 2.R-R4, etc. 1.Q-R6, Q-K6 or P-K5; 2.Kt-K6, etc.

PROBLEM NO. 88, by E. E. Maybee.
Fort Frances, Ontario.

Black—Seven Pieces.



White—Nine Pieces.

White mates in two.

Not a Drop to Drink

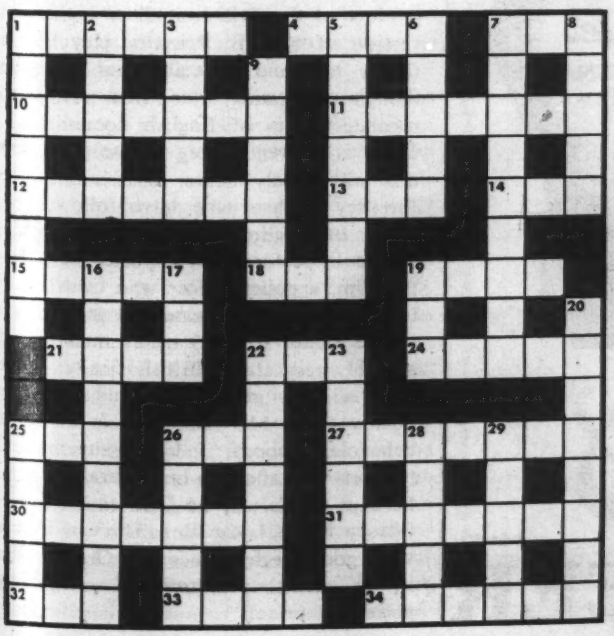
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1, 4. What a neck a 1, 22A has to create such a phenomenon! (10)
7, 8. If in it you may be sunk financially. (3,5)
10. For it, surprisingly, one may use a gay tread without an article on. (7)
11. Kopeck? (3,4)
12. See 29.
13. See 21.
14. One borrowed by Antony. (3)
15, 18. Where 2X2 made more than four. (5,3)
19. If 1A is muckle, this is mickle. (4)
21, 13, 25D, 1A. A way to liquidate trouble. (4,3,2,3,6)
22. See 1D.
24. Home, dear, would not be the same without you! (5)
25. Won over. (3)
26. See 2.
27. My property needs me to remodel it. (7)
30. Rienzi was the last. (7)
31. A modern Italian painter is chic, or I get him wrong. (7)
32. But you don't plant one to grow this plant. (3)
33. 8. The Ganges? (4,5)
34. Pickwick's waterman? (6)

DOWN

1, 22A. . . . moisten. (8-3)
2, 26A. Yet the conductor isn't designated one. (8)
3. A ruff female for the council! (5)
5. But the rower doesn't need a key to it. (7)
6. These 1A are such a bore at times! (5)
7. Gee! I'd roll over if I were Queen Elizabeth. (5,4)
8. See 7, 20 and 33.
9. The far-sighted won't have this to contend with. (6)
16. Is a dog in a bun this in food value? (9)
17. Serve up the rissole without fish. (3)
19. A plug for the St. Lawrence Seaway! (3)
20, 26D, 8. Salivate, you! (4,4,5,5)
22. See 29, 1A, 12. (7)
23. To acquiesce over frozen 8 puts a crimp in the crap game. (2,4)
25. See 21.
26. See 20.
28. I get more fabric when watered. (5)
29, 1A, 12. Indicates that a placid mien will 22D more than one suspects. (5,6,3,4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

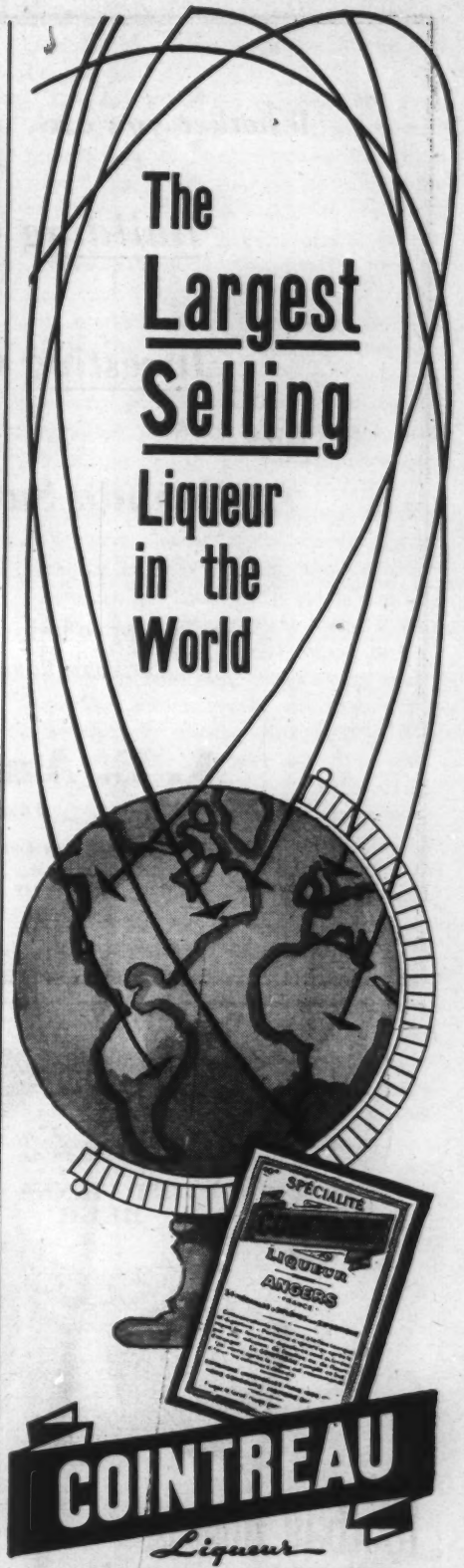
ACROSS

1. The Fall of a Titan
9, 18. Igor Gouzenko
10. Tot
11. Repose
12. Messmates
13. Dumas
15. Brains
17. Oceans
19. Moppet
20. Capote
22. Ozone
23. Eminently
26. Intact
27. Lei
28. Dogs
29. Gotterdammerung

DOWN

2. Higher
3. Ferns
4. La Traviata
5. Outlets
6. Airs
7. Imprudent
8. Abstains
14. Compendium
16. Repentant
18. See 9
20. Camilla
21. Slogan
24. Nadir
25. Star

(336)



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Films

British Offering

By Mary Lowrey Ross

Doctor in the House, an English film, derives from the best seller of the same name, and describes the experiences of a quartet of young medical students as they take their bemused way through a handicap-course of surgery, anatomy, obstetrics, ward diagnosis and off-side love. Hospitals and the medical profession have long been the screen's most cherished material, but this particular production has an air of first hand, if occasionally over-colored experience.

Green Grow the Rushes is an English film, which is as quaint, playful and harmless as an old English madrigal.

The plot has to do with the activities of a group of smugglers. The consignment involved is Napoleon brandy and in charge of the illicit cargo is a boozy seaman who eventually lands ship and lading in the duckpond of an irascible English farmer. These goings on, combining as they do government officiousness and stubborn native resistance with plenty of alcohol, should have made *Green Grow the Rushes* as hilarious as *Tight Little Island*. It isn't, unfortunately. The film, evolving slowly, takes on the aspect of a large private joke which is side-splitting to the participants and rather bewildering to the onlooker. Roger Livesey and Richard Burton are the actors involved.

An Inspector Calls, which is another product of the British studios, is the film version of a J. B. Priestley play. It's a family tale and jogs along at the mild though interesting rate that seems to regulate stories of English domestic life. There is a twist ending to the piece, but this will hardly come as a surprise to Priestley readers who have followed his hobby of juggling with time sequences.

The Inspector here is played by Alastair Sim, a police officer who turns up to investigate a suicide case and the relation of the victim to the various members of a highly respectable British family. There is a slightly phantasmal and alarming quality about Mr. Sim, even in his more benevolent moods, and any supernatural role sets him afloat in his natural medium. Perhaps this is why he is so entirely satisfactory in his latest film. There is also a very good performance by Olga Lindo as a British matron of staggering poise and pride.

Business

Crystal Ball for Profits: Ask the Weatherman

By PERCY SALTZMAN

THE CANADIAN businessman is quite properly interested in the long-range weather forecast maps which appear in the press from time to time. Such a map is reproduced on this page. He knows that if he had a sure-fire prophecy on his desk sufficiently far ahead of the actual weather, he could use it to great advantage in planning his operations so as to have the maximum gain and the minimum loss. He knows this because even a short-range one- or two-day forecast that can be relied on is an asset to business from every angle.

The science of meteorology, although greatly advanced in recent years, is still far from exact. There are too many variables that are incompletely understood, too many factors that have not yet been reduced to formulae. The vagaries of the weather are too elusive and mercurial to be strait-jacketed into laws and regulations and rules of good behavior. The time for forecasts highly accurate in every particular is quite far in the future, despite the optimistic pronouncements in press and periodical.

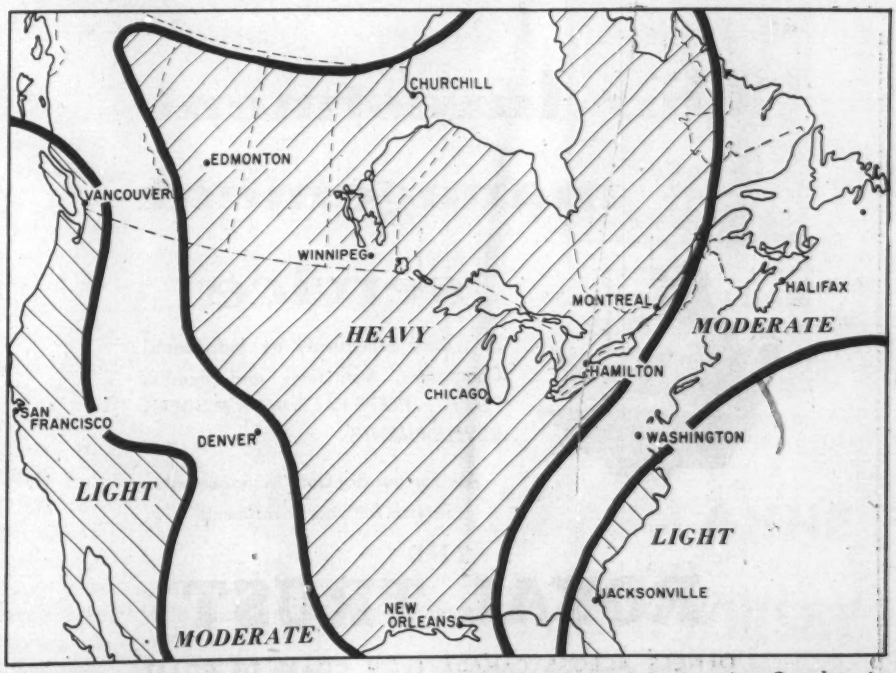
Nevertheless, the alert businessman will not sell short the present-day science of weather, for an enlightened appraisal of what is not possible how should not blind him to the intelligent use of what is available at the moment.

What weather services then can he call in to help him run his business? First, the short-range forecast, which can be as short as the next hour or two or as long as the next 24. The 12-hour forecast commonly used by Canadian aviation has had some solid successes to its credit. For aviation, this type of forecast has had the advantage of presenting future weather in considerable detail, in which it is not merely a matter of foretelling fluctuations from wet to dry and back again, but of presenting a detailed prognosis of such operational factors as the exact measure of the horizontal visibility at landing time at the end of runways at a number of alternate airports, or the height of the base of the lowest cloud deck covering five-tenths of the sky bowl, or the height of the freezing level correct to the nearest fifty feet so that the icing hazard might be correctly evaluated, or the degree of turbulence that might reasonably be expected to cause paying passengers to become airsick.

The excellent safety record of Canadian aviation is a tribute to the skill and daring of the industry, but behind the pilots and engineers stands a modern meteorological service, wholly Canadian in its structure and philosophy. It is to be regretted that other and larger segments of our business world remain largely ignorant of the money-making possibilities that are behind the federal weather service, already paid for by a minute fraction of the public tax bill.

In addition to the excellent and commendably accurate short-range forecast service now at hand, there is the somewhat longer look into the future, understandably not so accurate as the short squint, but still a guide, useful if only as an educated guess. This service, too, has been used for some years now by a small but growing sector of Canadian commerce. For example: canning companies make use of weather reports relative to planting, growing, harvesting and canning operations; tobacco growers are forewarned of frosty spells; cranberry bogs are flooded when freezing threatens the succulent fruit; wind forecasts affecting lake levels assist hydro-electric power planners; temperature and rain predictions determine the times of pouring concrete; western flour mills eagerly await a forecast cold wave of several days' duration in order to open their doors to the wintry blast, thus killing beetles and other grain-crawling pests cheaply and quickly; fruit and vegetable shippers eye the transcontinental bulletins for a clue to refrigeration requirements and transport times; lithographers need humidity predictions for proper plate-making; oil companies stand alerted to deliver fuel by degree-day computations; farther up the line, they eye the thunderstorm warnings, fearing lightning strikes on their storage tanks; and log-booms are never sent across open waters before a close check on wind and weather is made with the nearest forecast office. The list is endless and the applicability of modern meteorology to business is growing every day.

This relationship involves not only forecasts of future weather but evaluation



THIS FORECAST by the U.S. Weather Bureau of precipitation for October is an example of long-range prediction valuable to people in all walks of life.

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of past weather as well. It is not generally realized that the Canadian weather service has a vast array of weather facts in storage. A clear-eyed statistical appraisal of these would reap handsome dividends for the enterprising entrepreneur. Conversion of climatological procedures to machine methods has thawed out this weather-on-ice so that it is more readily available than ever before, and it is consequently being used to a greater extent.

How does weather affect employment? Sift the record and an answer emerges which may be used as a sort of forecast for the future. In like manner, climatic data yield useful tips on the best location of airports and airport runways, warehouses and loading platforms; areas of most likely sales for seasonal goods and services; most favorable position for pipelines and rail-bed; apportionment of advertising budget on a regional basis; best design of structures such as dams and storage reservoirs. Crop yields can be accurately predicted each year with the assistance of climatic data; smoke pollution reduction is best achieved by correlation with past weather records, adequately analyzed. One might also cite the use of weather records as distinct from forecasts in settling insurance claims relating to hail damage and other weather losses as well as general litigation in which weather is a matter of the legal as well as the meteorological record.

The point of all this is that the business man, in casting about for help in the more profitable operation of his activities, should glance weatherwards. More than a superficial look is required, however. A thorough consultation with weather officials may often reveal fruitful aspects heretofore unenvisioned. Go and see them and discuss your problem in full. In other lands, private meteorologists are used increasingly as direct consultants to industry and commerce, some on retainer, others as direct employees, taking their place with other professionals as weather engineers. Canadian industry, too, will reach this stage sooner or later. But until that happy day, the public weather service is ready, willing and able.

The time is not too distant when five-day forecasts will be on tap for the Canadian economy. Already these and the broader thirty-day outlooks are used widely in the United States, but this use must be hedged about with cautious reserve.

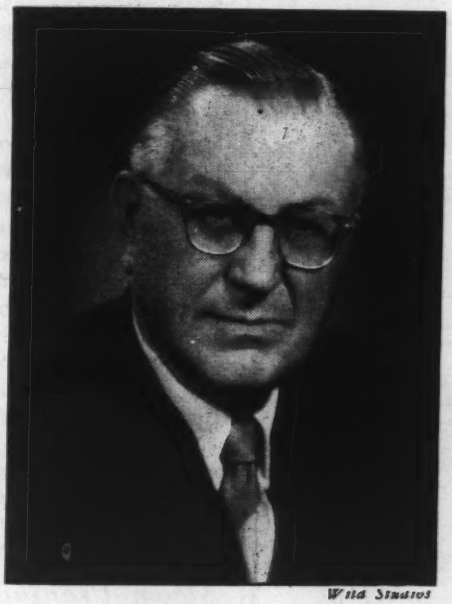
Until the day when electronic brains take over from the human variety, predicting the weather will still be the function of fallible humans. Making allowance for his innate weakness, man should still take to heart the advice of sage Benjamin Franklin: He who is not weatherwise, is otherwise. To this the Canadian business man might add: and out of pocket.

Who's Who in Business

To the Far Corners of the Earth

By John Irwin

BUT FOR an accident when an automobile fell on him while he was an apprentice mechanic at the old Ford plant at Hamilton, Ont., it is probable that Charles Anson Speers, managing director of Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, would never have achieved his ambition "to travel to the far corners of the earth". While recuperating, he learned that Champion was planning to open an office at Windsor, and a few days before his 21st birthday (he was born at Bronte, Ont., June 4, 1896) he joined the company as a salesman and advertising display man.



Wild Studios

CHARLES A. SPEERS

During his 37 years with Champion, he has travelled "I guess it will be getting on for a million miles" to those "far corners of the earth", and has made five trips round the world.

He created a record on his first journey when, with an associate, C. A. Evans, he was the first man to drive an automobile (a 1917 Ford panel truck) across the Rockies to Vancouver. One of many thrills on that trip was "when we rode the railway, bumping over ties, on the way to Kootenay. Suddenly we met a train. There was a mountain on one side of the track and a river on the other. It took two days' work to get the truck out of the river, repaired and on our way."

Appointed special foreign representative in 1925, he went to Australia and established headquarters at Sydney. "For the next eight years I constantly travelled around 30 countries, appointing distributors." He was in Bombay, India, in 1933, when he was recalled to take over management of Champion's Canadian Company. Last year, on a trip round the world, he revisited Sydney, concluding negotiations for the building of a new Champion factory which will be in production by the end of the year. He is at present on a tour of Brazil and Argentina "to investigate current conditions and future business potentialities".

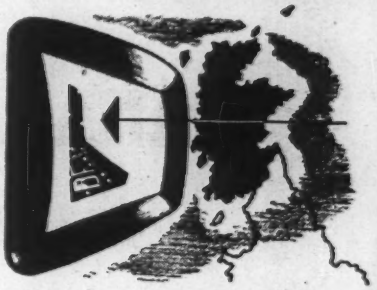
Of medium height with a pleasing voice and a genial and relaxed manner, Charlie Speers is proud of his company and its world-wide ramifications. He is even more proud of being a Canadian. "Everywhere I go, Australia or Abyssinia, India or Italy, people ask me about Canada. Many of these people know more about Canada than Canadians do themselves. There is great interest in our nation."

Despite his responsibilities—"we make hundreds of different kinds of spark plugs, even turn out a steady stream of plugs for the old Model-T Fords" — he finds time for public service.

With his wife who has accompanied him "on many a long and interesting trip", and their only son, Duane, who is learning the spark plug business "from the points up", he lives in a large house on the outskirts of Windsor. Several rooms contain curios ("drums, spears, oriental vases, carpets, shields, and the like") and oil paintings purchased on his travels. He likes to relax with a good book dealing with, appropriately, adventure or travel. He is fond of shooting ("pheasant preferred"), fishing ("bass or river trout") and golf ("the least said about my game the better"). Naturally, he is interested in automobiles and is a director and past president of the Essex County Automobile Club. He has served as a director of the Chamber of Commerce and the Rotary Club.

He is in popular demand as an after-dinner speaker — "I bore lots of people with my experiences of people, places and scenery I have met, visited and seen in my life". He also interests listeners with talks on sales and merchandising. "Compared with the time when my work was mainly selling, today's workday is more interesting, due to its diversity of manufacturing, merchandising, advertising, public relations, and so on, domestic and foreign, being added to the prime activity of selling."

FROM SCOTLAND CAME TELEVISION



Although early experimenters were familiar with much of the theoretical side of Television, it was left to a Scottish scientist to give the world's first demonstration of this wonderful new invention in January, 1926.

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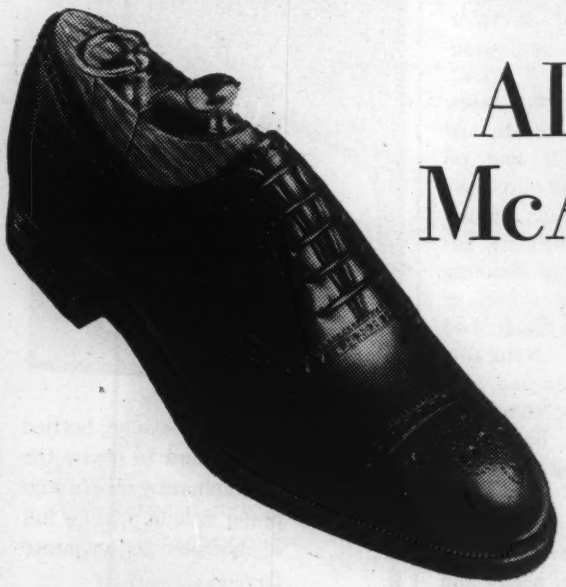

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Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Dominion Asbestos

CAN YOU GIVE *me any information on Dominion Asbestos? I purchased the stock in 1952, first at $2.00 per share, then at $5.00 and finally at $3.00. Is there any value in retaining them?—R. A. O., Ottawa.*

This company has had a rather turbulent career. When the high hopes that were entertained for it were finally shattered in mid-November last year and a petition in bankrupty was filed against the company, the stock completed its long decline from the 1952 high of $5.65 by tumbling to 15 cents.

With low grade asbestos in plentiful supply it seems doubtful whether the company can mine, mill and market at a profit the grades of asbestos fibre obtainable from its property.

The decision of National Gypsum against purchasing the property would seem to be indicative of its prospects.

The financial circumstances of the company (no balance sheet is available but the company is in debt to National Gypsum Company for funds advanced to pay off creditors who invoked the bankruptcy proceedings), seem to be in a precarious position. About all that remains is the hope that some means can be found to operate the property on a profitable basis.

Algom Uranium

WHAT DO *you think of Skyline Uranium? Would you advise me to sell Skyline and invest in Algom?—S. M. K., Barons, Alberta.*

A comparison of these two companies is something like comparing an ant and an elephant. Skyline is a very small promotion which is currently offered at 40 cents without a bid, and has been underwritten on practically rock-bottom options at 10 cents a share.

Algom is one of the major companies developing the Blind River area with extensive holdings of acreage in that area. The last official figures indicated Algom had 6½ million tons of indicated ore on the Quirke Lake property and 5 million tons on the Nordic Lake property. The deep drilling that has been conducted lately has met ore at a depth of 2,000 feet and ore reserves can be expected to be increased considerably at the next report.

Like any other mining venture, the de-

velopment of a uranium mine is a project that calls for an expenditure of a great deal of money. The mills required to extract the small percentage of uranium contained in each ton of rock are multi-million dollar propositions and only large companies in a position to finance such operations can hope to succeed.

More than ever in mining ventures, it is apparent that the big companies are likely to be the winners and the stock trader's maxim of "stick to the leaders" is more effective than ever.

Skyline seems a hazardous speculation, if the indication that the underwriter is unwilling to place even a minimum bid for the stock is any indication. It would appear much safer, then, to confine your speculation in uranium to a large and well financed company, like Algom.

Alberta Pacific

I AM HOLDING *shares of the Alberta Pacific Consolidated Oils Limited. Could you please give me some information regarding their value?—M. E. A., Montreal.*

This is a small company which holds royalty and investment interests in oil wells and oil companies in Alberta. It also holds acreage in various areas. Among the investments held, which are shown in the last annual report to have a cost of $240,180, are 658,000 shares of Sunset Oils, 5,500 shares of Home Oil, 25,000 shares of McDougall-Segur Exploration, 3,000 shares of Anglo-Canadian, 3,000 shares of Okalta and other investments.

Total net revenue for 1953 amounted to $81,569, of which $71,386 was production revenue and $6,145 royalties. While working capital of $472,647 was shown at the end of the year, no estimate of oil reserves was made. Without an estimate of the oil reserves it is impossible even to guess at any line of value for your shares. The best estimate is being made by the market. If further successes are obtained in the White Water Lake area of south-western Manitoba, it is possible that the price of the stock may advance to challenge the 1953 high of 65 cents.

Violamac Mines

I AM INTERESTED *in Violamac Mines Limited. Would you please comment on this company?—E. V. S., London, Ont.*

The chief interest of this company is the producing base metal property in the Slocan area of British Columbia. Mining was commenced there early in 1949 and milling operations late in 1950. The ore is being processed at the Western Exploration Company mill.

The operating figures showed a steady rate of increase to the end of 1953, when

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smelter returns totalled $1,427,135. Production so far this year has been at a lower rate, with the net value being $503,996 from 9,400 tons of ore shipped, against $644,063 from 13,315 tons. No recent estimate of ore reserves or grades has been published, but development work is continuing.

While net profits, at $149,243 for the first five months, were down considerably from the $215,362 earned in the same period of 1953, it appears likely that a fair operating profit will be earned this year and operations will continue at about the same pace.

The principal speculative interest in the stock at the present time is supplied by the uranium prospects the company has acquired. One, the "Blende", is located at the south-west of Beaver Lodge Lake; the other is the interest held in Uranium Ridge Mines, which holds property adjoining the Blende and Lorado properties at Beaverlodge Lake.

An underwriting agreement was concluded recently, in which 100,000 shares were underwritten at $1.75 and blocks of 100,000 were optioned at $1.75, $2.00 and $2.25.

Trading at $1.95, the stock is close to its all-time high of $2.20. Should good drilling results be obtained it is quite possible that speculative trading could push the price through this level.

Canadian Petrofina

C. I RECENTLY *bought 100 shares of Canadian Petrofina preferred on the advice of some friends. At the time I made my purchase the stock was selling for 22. Since then it has dropped to around 19. Should I sell and take a loss or hold in the hope that it will climb above the price I paid for it?—R. C. M., Montreal.*

This company is a subsidiary of a parent Belgian company which operates in Belgium, France, Holland, Switzerland, and Africa. Through Canadian Petrofina it is making a vigorous assault on the Canadian market. A refinery is under construction at Montreal with a capacity of 20,000 barrels per day; over 200 retail outlets in Quebec and eastern Ontario are being operated, and the company is rumored to be negotiating for a chain of stations in Ontario.

To provide oil reserves, a deal was recently concluded with Calvan Consolidated Oil in which Calvan shareholders will receive six shares of Petrofina for each 17 shares of Calvan. Calvan has about 25 million barrels of oil reserves and showed a production income for 1953 of $1,478,375.

The Belgian company also has another subsidiary operating in the west, Canadian Fina Oil Limited, but no data are available on this company. An interest has also been acquired in part of the properties of Great Plains Development Company in the Buck Lake area of Alberta.

From the various factors involved it appears that the Belgian group has every intention of becoming a major competitor in the Canadian oil market, and it seems quite possible that not only will further acquisitions of producing companies be made but that all of the companies will be merged into one unit. With such developments possible, the stock has considerable speculative attraction. Holding of your stock in the expectation of an advance seems warranted at this time.

In Brief

C. CAN YOU *give me any information about D'Ormont Mines?—A. S., Ottawa.*

Now dormant.

HAVE YOU *any information on Donex Gold Mines which, these days, does not even appear on the unlisted list?—P. J. B., Montreal.*

Apparently sunk without trace.

IN YOUR OPINION *would it be wise to purchase shares of Jardun Mines at the present price of 35 cents? — C. B. C., Sarnia, Ont.*

Just a gamble.

I HAVE *a few shares of West Red Lake. Please advise if these have any real value.—T. C. N., Montreal.*

They might be suitable for framing.

I HAVE *some shares of Bear Exploration. Could you tell me if these shares are worth anything?—N. T., Montreal.*

This company is now Yellowknife Bear Mines and trading at $1.65. It holds a considerable amount of Giant Yellowknife, Frobisher, Falconbridge, Ventures and other companies.

SOME TIME AGO, *I purchased shares of Payne Yellowknife at 14 cents. They are now quoted at 2-3 cents. What is your opinion of the chance of a recovery?—E. C. A., Vancouver.*

Faint—very.

I PURCHASED *some shares of Jellicoe at 22 cents. In the face of its decline I am wondering if its promotion was over zealous. What do you think of the prospects of the company?—M. S., Stratford, Ont.*

It's just a location bet in the Blind River area.

WHAT SHOULD *I do with shares of Freehold Oil? Are they worthless?—W. B., Moose Jaw, Sask.*

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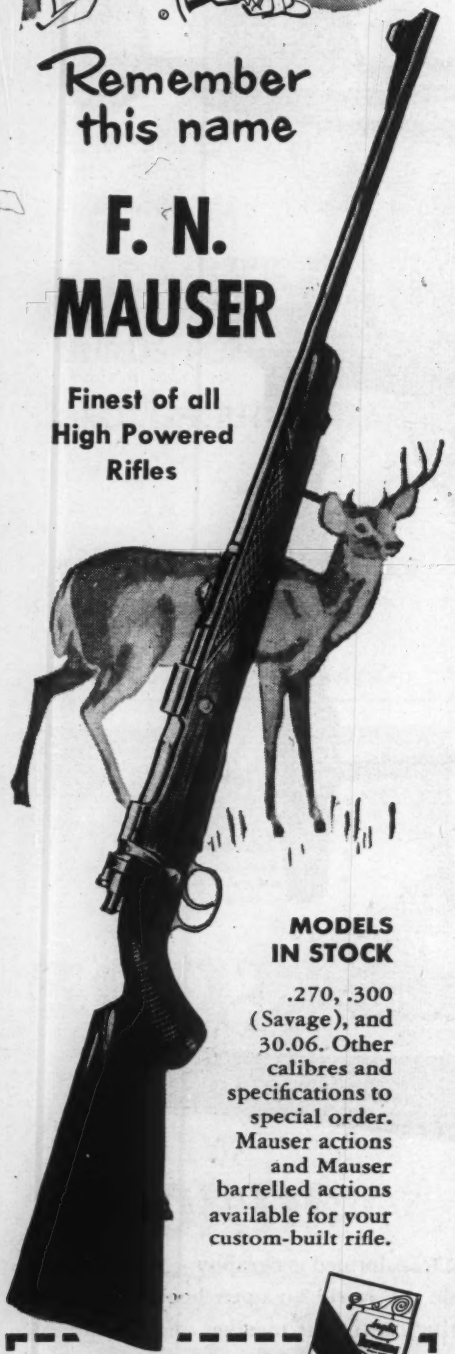

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Insurance

Professional Liability

By William Sclater

SPECIALIZED insurance coverages available under the name of Professional Indemnity or Liability policies are examples of the protection for doctors, dentists, druggists and others devised by the insurance underwriters.

Actually what a policy of indemnity of this type amounts to is a guarantee that the professional person's work will be performed with the skill and competence which a client is legally entitled to expect. Policies are available to physicians, surgeons, dentists, oculists, osteopaths, chiropractors, optometrists, druggists, nurses and veterinarians, among others.

The insurance backs up the value of a doctor's degree, for example. It certifies his competence to the extent that, should he be sued without just cause for malpractice or negligence, he will be defended without cost to him to the highest court in the land. It will, if he is at fault, pay any just claim in full up to the amount of the insurance.

Cost of this form of insurance is a tribute to the high standing of the medical and other professions in Canada. In the case of a doctor, the payment of $15 a year will provide protection of $15,000 a year. A doctor who practised his profession for 40 years would be covered for the entire period for $600, a very small cost indeed.

Surgeon's Mistake

The old saw that a doctor buries his mistakes does not apply in this modern day and age when the tendency is to resort to litigation at slight provocation. A wrong diagnosis or a failure to give the proper course of treatment called for by the patient's condition may well result in a claim being made. Doctors are human beings like the rest of us; they occasionally make mistakes.

One surgeon inadvertently left a surgical needle inside a patient. That cost $1,000. A Saskatchewan patient whose injured foot burned when treated by exposure to a quartz lamp collected $2,500. In another interesting case in the West a doctor was found liable for $50 damages and costs when he amputated a patient's hand contrary to the patient's expressed instructions, even though the examination of the hand, while the plaintiff was under anaesthetic showed the amputation was necessary and the operation was perform-

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ed in a skilful, competent manner.

There are, of course, some who specialize in being patients who make claims later. A "bleeder" who fails to inform the doctor of this fact may be in this category. So are people with certain allergies who do not mention them until later. This is a form of semi-blackmail practised by those who hope the doctor will be disinclined to face the notoriety of a court action, regardless of how baseless the allegation may be. In dealing with such cases the long records of the underwriters are of great value.

$12,500 Damages

Dentists are not immune from claims. They can happen even in Ontario where a needle, breaking in a patient's jaw, brought damages assessed at $2,300. Portions of broken teeth can go the wrong way at times, as happened to a seven-year-old patient in California. Six years later, when he coughed up the tooth after continual illness, the dentist had to cough up damages of $12,500.

Druggists are in a highly responsible position both as regards the public and the medical profession. In one Canadian town a tough old patient suffered violent twitches when he took the medicine prescribed by his doctor. Three hours later he took the medicine again and twitched even more violently. Calling the doctor resulted in the prescription's being examined and the druggist who had put two grams of strychnine into the medicine instead of the two milligrams prescribed by the doctor was found liable for $4,000. Another pharmacist, who mixed some sleeping pills, accidentally doubled up on their power content and put the patient to sleep for three days instead of overnight. That patient must have needed sleep. He didn't sue.

In Hospital

Hospitals were classified as charitable institutions in bygone days and enjoyed the privilege of both a protection from, and a limitation of, civil liability. Today, though still dependent to some extent upon charity, they are commercial institutions in the eyes of the law and, when sued because of the negligence of their employees, are in exactly the same position as anyone else.

A fall out of bed; the failure of a nurse to observe a hospital regulation having the force of a statute; the scalding of an infant through momentary inattention are all cases of liability claimed in Canada. In Toronto, a nurse who unwittingly fed a patient soup that was too hot involved the hospital in more than $4,000 worth of liability when the patient jerked her head violently, to the great detriment of her condition.

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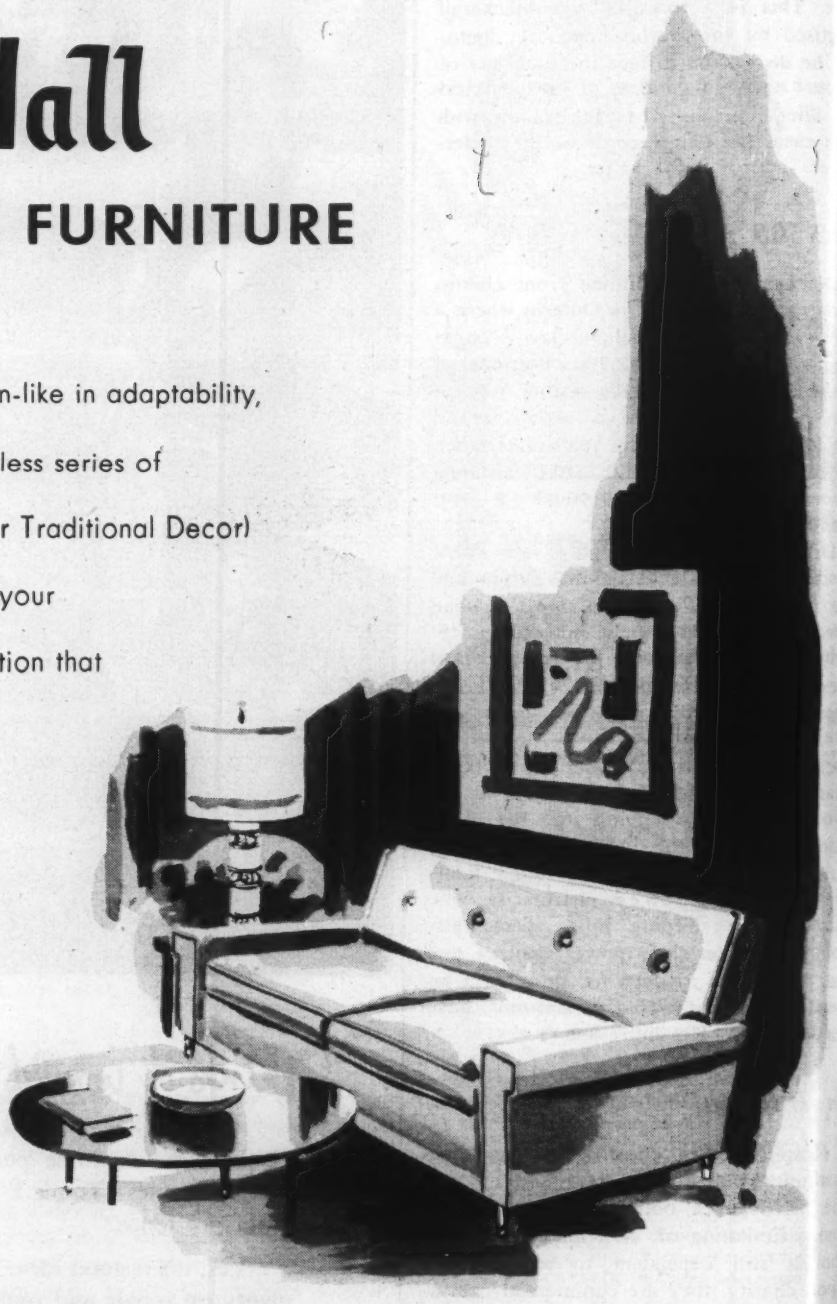

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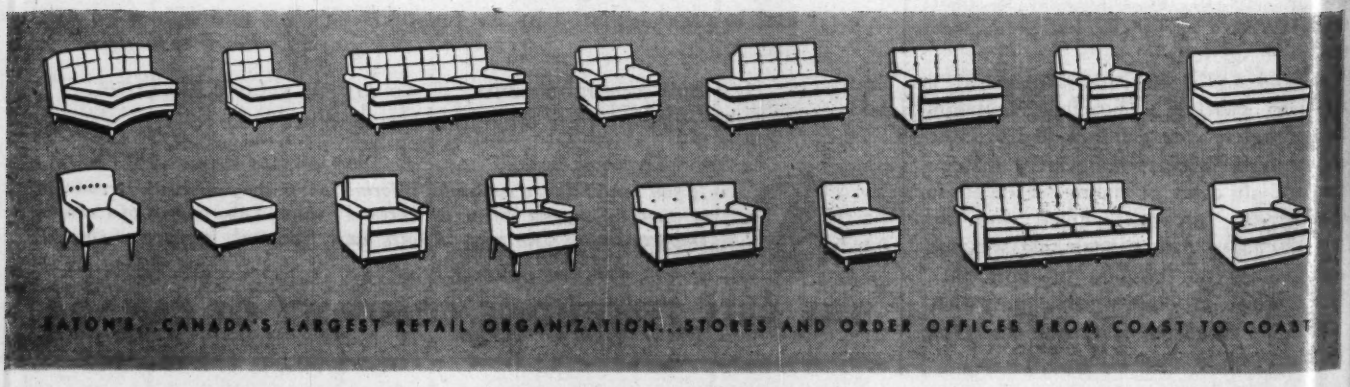

EATON'S...CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION...STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

AT THE *opening in the Toronto Art Gallery of the Canadian tour of the 51 canvases in the Seagram collection of "Cities of Canada" by Canadian artists: l to r, William Winter, Mrs. Samuel Bronfman, Mr. Bronfman, President of the House of Seagram, looking at Mr. Winter's painting of Winnipeg.*

ADMIRING *Goodridge Roberts's painting of Saskatoon: Mrs. K. Yoshida, wife of the new Japanese Consul, and art student Patricia Fulford, grand-daughter of General John Gunn.*

women

IN FRONT *of a group of the smaller canvases: l to r, Mr. and Mrs. James G. K. Strathy and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Allward.*

Photos: Ashley & Crippen

Conversation Pieces:

THE FOX FUR, in its day, was every woman's ultimate dream of elegance. In its glory (four skins, knee length), it was the perfect accessory for a dramatic entrance. Silver fox lost its prestige when fashion turned to short-haired furs—mink, dyed ermine, fitch, nutria, and so on. The change took place in the early Forties, or about the time (though this may have been a coincidence) when the Siamese cat replaced the Persian in fashionable households. After that silver fox farms closed all over the country and the silver fox scarf joined the feather boa in the attic.

Now the silver fox is coming back. Twenty-four garments featuring silver fox exclusively, were displayed at a recent Montreal fashion show sponsored by famous European couturiers and the Fox Breeders' Association of Canada. Meanwhile, there's no knowing when the Federal Trade Department will get together with the Ostrich Breeders' Association of South Africa for a revival of the feather boa.

IF OLD-FASHIONED patrons have their way, there will be no soda-fountain installed at Fortnum and Mason's, London, England. Fortnum and Mason's was established two hundred years ago by a footman and a gentleman's gentleman who forsook their callings to go into trade. The firm has flourished ever since, largely on the principle of caviar for the particular. As a result the clientele was considerably rocked by the announcement that the manager, Canadian-born Garfield Weston, intended to introduce a chromium-plated soda-fountain into the establishment.

At last word, the installation of the soda-fountain had been postponed for at least two months. If it does arrive eventually, Fortnum and Mason soda-fount attendants may continue to support tradition by operating the spigots in frock coats.

DID YOU KNOW the vacuum cleaner was invented by a 71-year-old drygoods-store janitor, an asthma sufferer named James Murray Spangler?

Janitor Spangler devised the original cleaner by attaching a suction fan to his wife's sewing machine and enveloping the whole thing in a pillow case. He later sold his idea to Mr. Herbert Hoover of the Electric Vacuum Machine Company, and, in the intervening years, Mr. Spangler's invention has sucked millions of pounds of dust out of the North American home and $51,712,000 into the pocket of Mr. Hoover.

We aren't told what benefit Janitor Spangler derived from his invention, beyond discovering a cure for his asthma.

A BOLERO *in Royal Stewart Silverblu mink, designed by Toronto Simpson's, is worn by Julia Murphy, co-founder of Ottawa's* Saturday Players *and a recent guest director at Toronto's Crest Theatre. With her is actor David Gardner.*

The Curtain Rises on "Little Furs"

A ROYAL *Canadian Opaline (Pearl-Platinum) fox stole, designed by Worth of London, obtainable at Toronto Eaton's, is worn by Barbara Chilcott, who poses in the lobby of the Crest beside a photograph of herself as the Shrew, taken at last summer's Stratford Shakespearean Festival. In the cover photograph, dancer Blanche Lund is wearing a Royal Canadian Palladium (Platinum) fox, also from Eaton's.*

Photos: Gerald Campbell of Ashley & Crippen

SOUTH *African black Persian Lamb teams up with an ermine ascot and ermine accent on the hat, at Stan Walker's, Toronto. The actress is Norma MacMillan of Vancouver, at present working in radio and TV in Toronto.*

A BOLERO *of beaver, sheared and dyed pink, is worn by Frances Hyland of Regina, London's West End theatres and Stratford Shakespearean Festival. She is currently starring at the Crest.*

BETTY LEIGHTON *(left) and Amelia Hall are both well-known to Toronto and Ottawa audiences. Here, Miss Leighton poses in a bolero of Emba Mutation "Jasmine" mink, by Christian Dior, and exclusive with Holt Renfrew in Canada, and Miss Hall, in a Hudson Bay sable stole, designed by Morgan's.*

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Letters

Greatest Canadian

A LETTER headed "Greatest Canadian" advancing the claim of William Lyon Mackenzie King to be recognized as the "Greatest Canadian Citizen" gives as one of his achievements "creating a consciousness of national unity".

What that phrase is supposed to mean, we cannot say.

But if the confusion of mind of the Canadian people due to a subversive campaign covering a period of fifty or more years, whose objective is clearly defined in the Citizenship Act amended in 1946, can be so characterized, then we acknowledge this achievement but do not concede it entitled him to be named "Greatest Canadian Citizen".

Toronto B. A. Ross

The Same Difficulties

D. W. BROGAN'S article on how the heritage of the revolution of 1789 has blighted modern France might aptly be applied to Quebec where the same difficulties of adapting a rural and clerical community to modern industrial life are felt. French Canada clings to the same notion that it is an "island" whose rights are in constant danger of invasion. It does nothing to eradicate such obsolete notions to have a reputable correspondent like Raymond Daniell of the *New York Times* writing, as he did in a recent edition of the *Sunday Times,* about French Canada's memories of "persecution" by the English.

Montreal L. C. Desautel

Jeans in School

NO ONE *would* dispute your premise that there is no relation between sloppy dressing and sloppy thinking, but there is something else to be said on the side of those who oppose the wearing of jeans to school. Jeans as a practical necessity are one thing, but the intricately-stitched, metal-studded jeans are at present the "vogue" dress of the show-off and the swaggerer. They can be just as expensive as a good pair of trousers and are symptomatic of the state of mind of the boy who thinks going to school is a picnic and acquiring an education a romp. I have an idea it was this attitude and not the jeans that the principal and his Board were opposing.

London, Ont. (Mrs.) Esme Weir

Polluted Air

THE sooty season is upon us again. It would therefore be good common sense for municipal officials to dust off their bylaws on air pollution and empower the proper authorities to enforce them. This is, I realize, a forlorn hope, for it is also the pre-election season and anything so sensible and with such good long-term results for the health of citizens and the comfort of city living could not be taken up by aspiring candidates. So we must listen to a lot of twaddle about cigarette-smoking and the incidence of lung cancer while daily the *whole* population gets its lungs lined with all kinds of noxious smoke fumes.

Toronto Howard Henderson

Business Caution

THE DEMAND of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce that any national flag for Canada contain the Union Jack is one more revelation of the narrow, cautious state of mind of our native businessmen. They cannot be called business leaders, because they never display the qualities of leadership—when they're riding a boom, for example, they cry out against government interference, but when competition gets keen they go running to the government for help. That's leadership? . . .

Their ideas about a national flag are typical—twenty years behind the times. It will take them another twenty years to realize that Canada's desire for a national flag derives from another desire, to get away from the Union Jack. It is this fear of change and distrust of imagination that has shackled Canadian business and left the way open for Americans to provide the imaginative leadership that the country requires. It is significant, perhaps, that the politician who has done more for Canadian business than any other man is C. D. Howe, born and bred in the United States. Would it not be just as appropriate to include a miniature Stars and Stripes in a Canadian flag? . . .

Montreal Raoul Deschenes

Separate Roads

YOU SUGGEST that governments are not using tax money to the best advantage in the building and maintenance of roads. You (along with the governments) have missed the whole point. . . Bigger and better roads would be nice, but the traffic problem will not be solved until commercial traffic (trucks and buses) is separated from auto traffic. There should be separate roads for the two types, and taxes on the commercial vehicles should be high enough to look after most of the construction costs. After all, railways have to build and maintain tracks. . .

Winnipeg P. T. Connolly

Miniaturist

IT WAS with genuine pleasure that I read (Sept. 25) that there was another Canadian Member of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, Mrs. Hilda Stewart, West Vancouver, who had gained her achievement 26 years before I was elected an Associate Member.

At the opening of the Royal Miniature Society's exhibition in London last fall I was asked by the representative of *Canada Review* if there were other Canadians exhibiting. I suggested that she ask the Hon. Secretary for this information. Then I saw the statement in *Canada Review*.

It must be that they meant that I was the first Canadian-born member . . .

Montreal (Miss) J. de Lavoye

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BACH

Toccata and Fugue in D Minor,
A. Schreiner; Organ of the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City

WAGNER

Die Meistersinger, Prelude, Act 1,
Zurich Tonhalle Orch.,
Otto Ackermann, Conducting

DUKAS

Sorcerer's Apprentice,
Utrecht Symphony,
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MOUSSORGSKY

Night on Bald Mountain,
Netherlands Philharmonic,
Walter Goehr, Conducting

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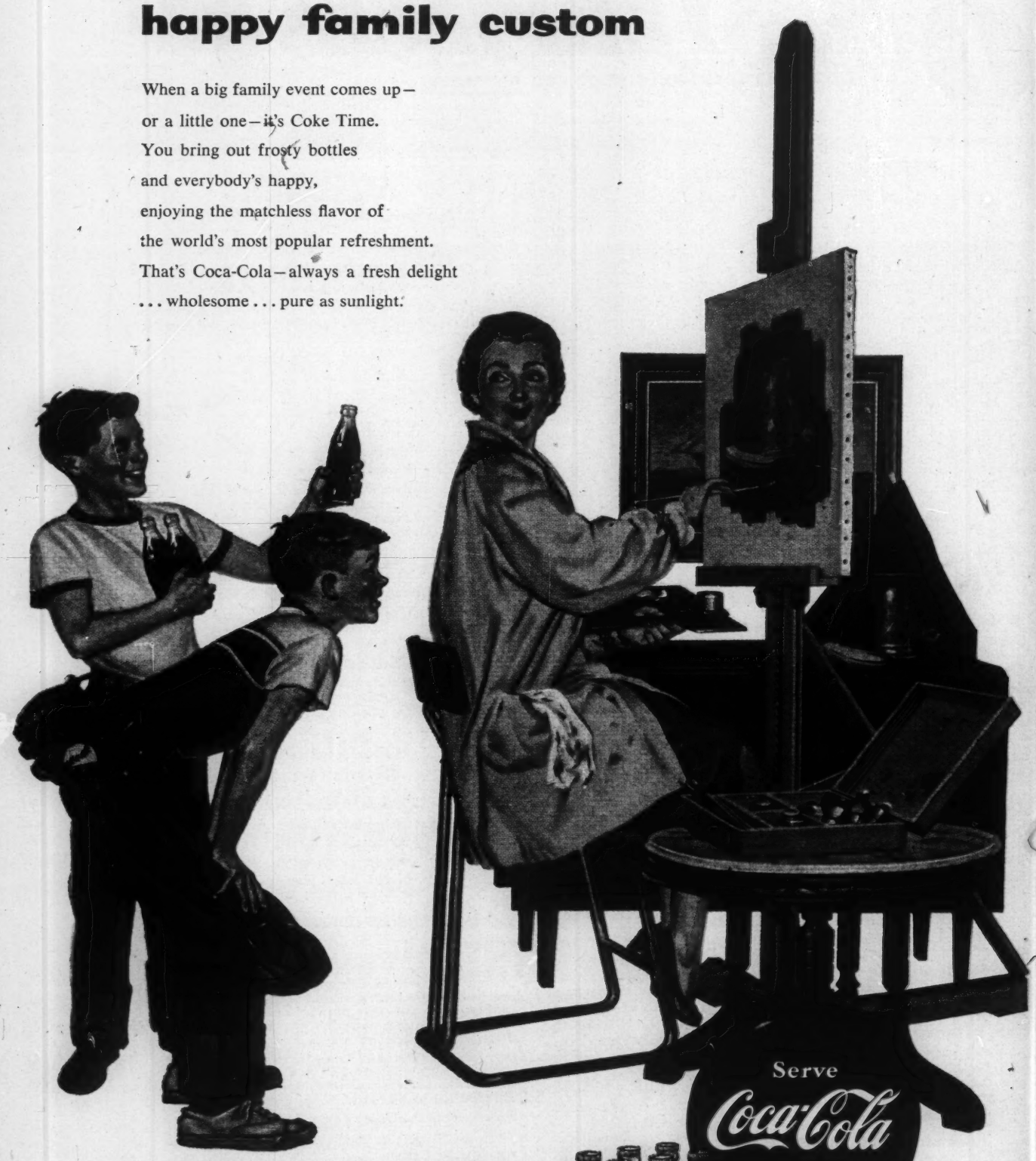

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